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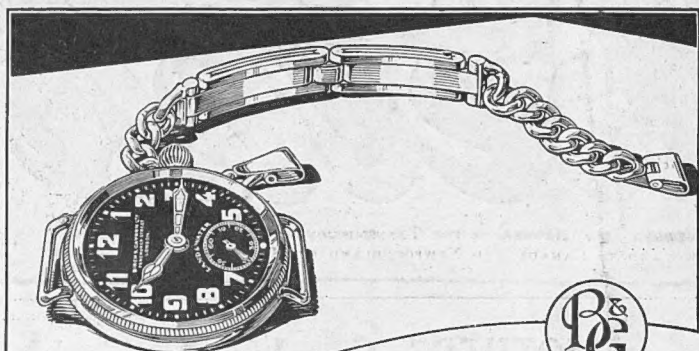
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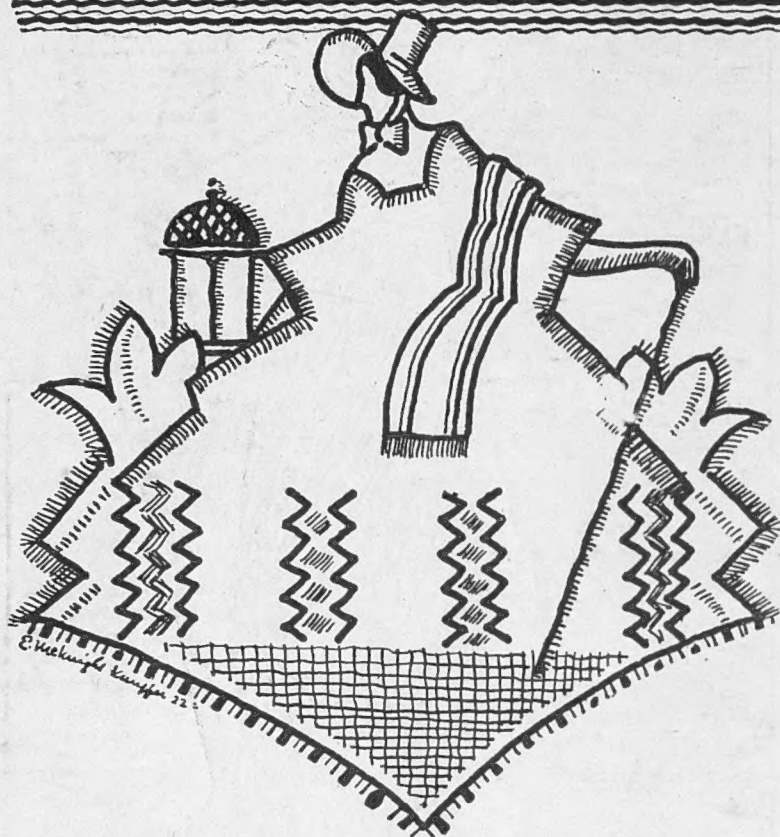
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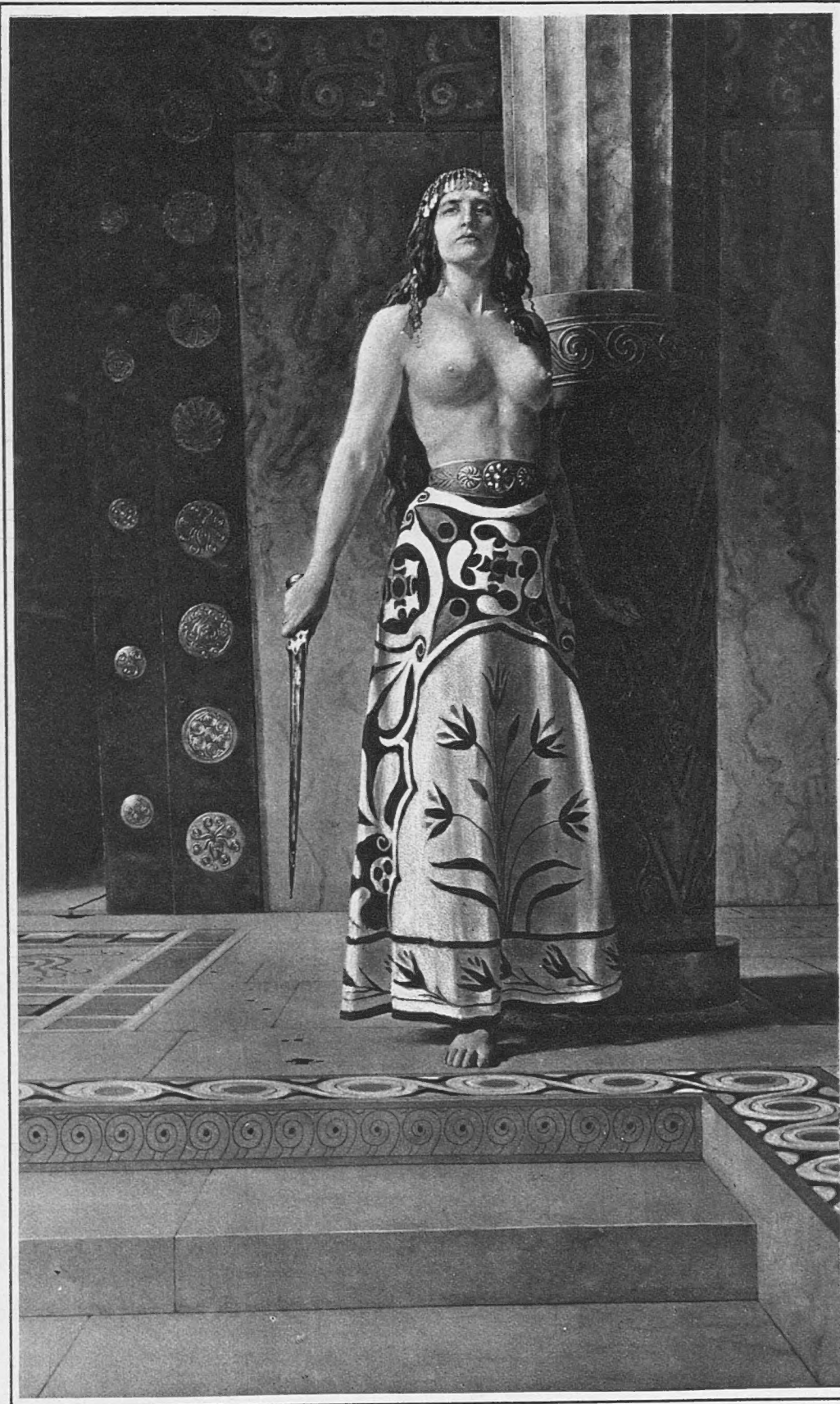


REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1553—Vol. CXX.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



ON BLACKPOOL'S BLACK LIST? THE HON. JOHN COLLIER'S "CLYTEMNESTRA."

"Clytemnestra," a painting by the Hon. John Collier, which has been exhibited at the R.A., has been termed "nauseous and wicked" by the Blackpool Town Council; but "sentence" has been postponed! It was proposed to hang the picture in the local

art gallery, but the Council have now "black-listed" it and ordered the question of its purchase to be deferred. It is still possible that it may be bought. The picture represents Clytemnestra emerging from the palace after having murdered her husband.

From a Photograph by Henry Dixon and Son. Copyright reserved.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.. "

Hyde Park.

Hyde Park has been getting itself talked about a good deal of late. This is rather a pity. Hyde Park should certainly be talked about in the right way, but not in the wrong way. It is really a very beautiful place, somewhat marred by statues. The statues, luckily, are not very numerous as yet. The day may come when Hyde Park bristles with statues, and the whole thing will then be ruined. Benches are bad enough, reminding you of the artificiality of cities, but statues should never be stuck amidst trees, and flowers, and vast stretches of green turf. The statues and the benches are the chief reminders to the stroller in Hyde Park that he is not in the country.

(I was forgetting the people, but there were very few people in Hyde Park when I took my stroll there this morning. The time was between one and two, so I suppose they were all eating. All England eats between one and two. On the finest day you can get any golf-links to yourself between one and two. I wish to encourage England to continue to eat at this hour.)

I have decided to make a thorough exploration of Hyde Park. It is so big that nobody knows very much about it, not even the park-keepers. They know merely their small portion. As for its history—why, for instance, was it called Hyde Park?

Mystery of a Name.

When I put that question to you I meant to give the answer in this paragraph. So I looked up "Hyde Park" in my Encyclopædia, and was referred to "London." Patiently turning up "London," I was told that "Hyde Park is the most fashionable park in London."

But I am not easily baffled. Returning to "Hyde," I found, "Hyde, Edward—See Clarendon, Earl of." I obeyed, and found that Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, was an English statesman and historian who flourished—that is the euphemistic term—between 1609 and 1674. "Created Baron Hyde of Hindon at the Restoration, and later Earl of Clarendon, also confirmed in the dignity of High Chancellor, he managed to offend all parties, being popular with neither Cavaliers nor Puritans. His conduct of the foreign affairs of the kingdom was unpopular. He was impeached for high treason, but allowed to depart to France, where he remained until his death at Rouen."

Not a word about Hyde Park. But I shall discover the secret, even if I have to turn to such an obvious publication as the "History of London." And does it matter very much, after all, how Hyde Park came by its name? If the Encyclopædia chooses to

make such a secret of it, let us pretend we don't care. We shall thus be spared the blushes of the compiler, who probably didn't know, or forgot all about it.

The Hyde Park Orator.

There are those who object to oratory in Hyde Park. I am not one of them. It seems to me an excellent thing that there should be some place—the larger the better—where men who cannot possibly keep their opinions to themselves, and are not content with the saloon bar of a public-house, should be able to rant and rave and storm and gesticulate as much as they please. Very few

conclusion of a sentence will mean the loss of those hearers who have been waiting for the sentence to finish.

It is wonderful how long they can speak in parentheses. If you took it down in shorthand it would look like this—

"Well, now, my friends, I am going to tell you why the poor man—And when I say the poor man don't run away with the idea that the poor man is the poor man because he is not as good—and better—What's that? Well, my friend, if you think you can plead the cause of the poor man better than I am doing it you are welcome to come up here and take my place and try for yourself! I was about to say, when I was interrupted, that the poor man, who is the subject of our discussion to-night . . ."

Where Oratory Goes.

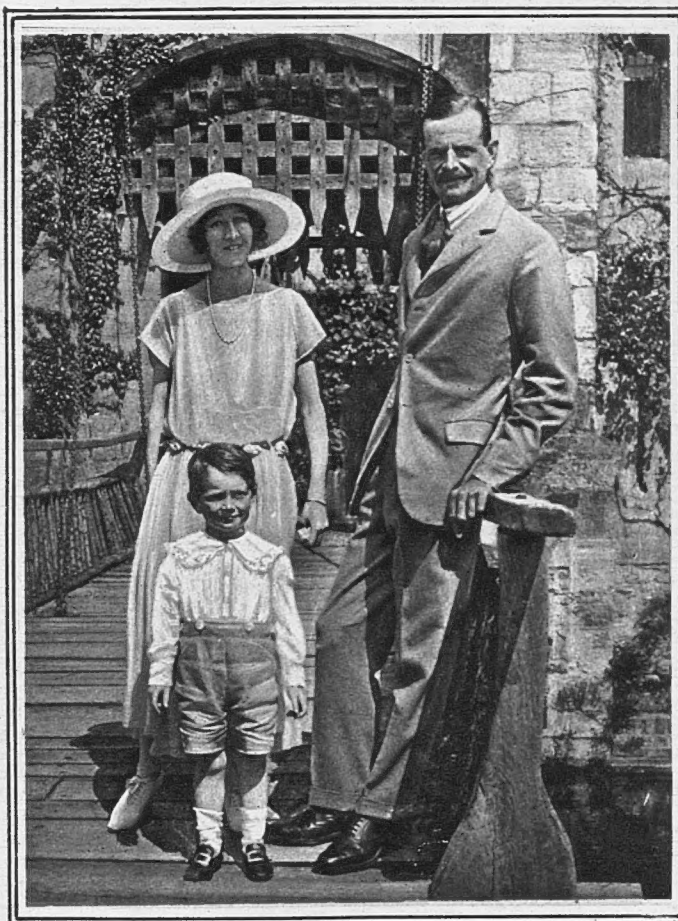
But nobody, of course, ever does take it down. The words pass over the heads of the little knot of people round the tiny platform, and wander away to the upper airs of heaven. They pass the birds in their nests in the tree-tops, and the birds think it is all part of the general noise of London. And so it is.

Every now and then, perhaps, the words of some very earnest speaker may reach the skies. But that will be long after the crowd has melted away, and the speaker has folded up his little portable platform and betaken himself to his obscure home. Long after he is asleep, and long, perhaps, after he is dead. But those words which reach the skies are not lost. They come back to earth in the hearts of a new generation, and travel from the heart to the brain when the brain is big enough to receive them, and so find their way, once more, to the ears of men. And the ears of the new generation being keener than the ears of the old, and their brains more retentive, some of these words remain on earth for quite a while, and thus a New Idea, or a New Thought, or even a New Movement is born.

I do not write this to encourage the ordinary Hyde Park orator, but simply to pay tribute to the rare fellow who has something real to say and finds his pulpit beneath the trees, and the great winds, and the black skies.

An Editor's Advice.

A great editor once said to me: "My dear fellow, if you can write about anything else, never write about politics." The air, as I sit here, is highly charged with the electricity of politics. Perhaps that is why I have taken Hyde Park as my text. It needed a little self-restraint, but the victory is mine.



ASSOCIATED WITH MR. JOHN WALTER IN THE ACQUISITION OF THE "TIMES": MAJOR THE HON. JOHN JACOB ASTOR; WITH LADY VIOLET ASTOR AND MASTER GAVIN ASTOR.

It was announced last week that the shares in the "Times" Publishing Company owned by the late Lord Northcliffe, as well as those owned by Sir John Ellerman, had been acquired by Mr. John Walter, and that the Hon. John Jacob Astor is associated with Mr. Walter in their acquisition. Major Astor is the brother of the present Lord Astor. He married Lady Violet Mercer-Nairne, widow of Lord Charles Mercer-Nairne, and daughter of the fourth Earl of Minto, and has two sons, of whom Master Gavin is the elder.

Photograph by T.P.A.

A Consolation for the Coming of Winter: Furry Fashions.



THE LURE OF VELVET, FOX, MOLESKIN, AND MINK: WRAPS FOR WARMTH AND BEAUTY.

Every woman knows that the arrival of winter holds some consolation. The outlook may be cheerless, but when Madame wraps herself in her sumptuous furs she is invested with an air of mystery and charm which summer frocks cannot lend her. This year the possibilities of winter wraps are many. One may—if the purse allows—have a lovely coat of mink with the skins worked so as to show their full beauty,

and falling in a pointed cape at the back. If, however, a coat of this kind is beyond our means, there are many other attractive possibilities. One may have velvet, cut to form a voluminous coat, and adorned with fox fur. Brocaded materials may be combined with skunk or other pelts to form beautiful coats, and the new cloque, or quilted materials may be adorned with padded quiltings in bold designs.

Photographs by Seiberger.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."



From Wilton House. Jane saw the Duke and Duchess of Alba the other day on their way back from staying at Wilton House with Lord and Lady Pembroke. Coming from sunny Spain, no wonder the young Duchess was so wrapped



1. Angela is making a great effort to get into Parliament this election. She sits up for hours every night arranging the planks of her platform. She means to promise some really popular reforms. The abolition of the income tax, for example.

up in furs that only her lovely eyes were visible. But what *does* cause Jane to wonder more and more is the marvellously perfect way in which these two speak our difficult language! I wonder how many English Peers know even the Spanish alphabet?

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland also passed through London on their way to Wilton, the Duchess looking more than ever beautiful after her long autumn in Scotland leading the healthy life that she most loves.

In Leicestershire. A long-felt want is to be supplied by that enterprising couple, the Michael Wardells. They are arranging for the hunting-box difficulty in Leicestershire to be got over by supplying a great country house with stabling for heaven knows how many horses complete. The whole house is being done up in suites suitable for married couples or bachelors, and I believe already most of the rooms are booked. It all sounds very jolly and "intimate," with only friends of the hunting initiates, and no parvenus or bounders admitted. If it is a success at all it will be a gigantic success. The men are pretty certain to be all right. But is any house big enough for more than one lady without friction? It isn't only the dangers of love and hate; but housekeeping to-day is the devil. And if servants won't condescend to obey one mistress, how will they behave towards a dozen? And when is an hotel not an hotel? These are some of the problems for the moment being discussed by interested though undecided followers of the Quorn, the

Belvoir, and the Cottesmore, who are a little startled by the arrival of Communism—so to speak—in their hitherto extremely unsocialistic, if not unsociable, community.

As a matter of fact, the scheme of a large country house being taken by a group of well-known people has been tried before. I think it was in the summer of 1917 that Lady Kinloch and a number of her friends took a house on the river together. Her daughter, now the lovely Mrs. Richard Norton (Lord Grantley's daughter-in-law) helped to make it the jolliest house in England—if any house could be exactly jolly during the war; and Miss Myrtle Farquharson was, I think, another of the popular hostesses there; and Miss Adelina Drysdale, now the Princess Mario Colonna of Rome.

Some Soldiers. Jane saw General Sir Nevil Smyth, V.C., coming out of the Cavalry Club one evening. He now commands one of the London Territorial Army Divisions, but I believe still spends as much of his leave as possible in Cornwall, where he has a beautiful old pre-Elizabethan house at Marazion. Lady Smyth is a daughter of Sir A. Osmond Williams. Sir Nevil won his V.C. at the Battle of Khartoum; but I expect one of the things he most enjoyed during his career was the leading of the 59th Division to the liberation of Lille—the old London Territorial Division, the 58th, he had earlier commanded in succession of the well-known Guardsman, General "Alby" Cator.

And, while we are on soldiers, General Jeffreys was also seen in Piccadilly, looking very well. He still commands the London District, and in his spare time acts as Field Master to the Hampshire Hounds when his duties permit him to hunt from Burkhams, his seat near Basingstoke.

In the Park. And in the Park Jane again saw Lady Powis—who was, however, just off to the country. She was walking with Lord Cecil Manners, the Duke of Rutland's brother. Just behind them, the Oliver Hoares were taking their morning exercise together; Mr. Hoare (who manages Cox's Bank now), looking more than ever like his brother, Sir Samuel Hoare, with whose name several newspapers last week were in vain associating this or that Cabinet portfolio. Mrs. Oliver Hoare is tall and handsome, of the statuesque type, or, as some people say, with a face like the bas-relief on a Roman coin. She entertains considerably in their beautiful big flat in Piccadilly, and for her husband's shooting-parties in Norfolk.

And Lady Norreys is back from Harrogate, but has been rather bad with bronchitis; and her daughter, Miss "Alexa," has had her hands full in the little house in York Terrace, Regent's Park, that they moved into after Lord Norreys died two or three years ago. Lady Norreys was a great Edwardian favourite, and no party was complete without her—one of the cheeriest and wittiest women in Society, which, indeed, she still is. On the Riviera she is often at Beaulieu, much in request at the various villas or at little parties at Monte Carlo or Cannes, where our holiday mood demands that only really amusing people be collected.

And with everyone's interest at fever pitch politically, and all our ambitions strained to defeat this and that "outsider" on the platform or in the drawing-room, of course we have been buying more and more clothes.

And the Ladies' Carlton Club are prepared for anything in their new premises—Lord Islington's old house, 8, Chesterfield Gardens, which is now one of the most stately in London, with its beautifully proportioned marble Georgian staircase. Lady Llangatock is president, and among other vice-presidents are the Duchesses of Devonshire and Somerset, and the Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, with an executive committee including Lady Worthington-Evans, Lady Lawrence, Lady Seton-Karr, Lady Hamilton Benn, Mrs. Bridgeman, and several others—all well known for their social and political activities.

Our Souls. The American Ambassador has given us all to think furiously (and very furiously) by his lecture "Have Women Souls?" Though there is something to be said for his suggestion that the Ten Commandments were not really meant for us. The women of Israel may indeed have been held in a state of virtual bondage and treated as property, even to the time of the Captivity. But the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and took one of his ribs wherewith to make all the infinite variety that is woman; and it must be remembered that the ribs are the true emotional seat of man—as everyone knows who has ever been tickled: therefore women understand laughter, and understanding laughter, they know also how to cry; and if capacity for laughter and for tears is not the one essential qualification for soulfulness, Jane would like to know what is. Anyhow, it was up to Mrs. Harvey to put her Right Honourable husband in his place.

And, failing Mrs. Harvey, where is Mrs. Chandler Anderson, who is said to be at



2. And she is having lessons in eloquence and elocution, which she takes together in order to save time.

the Curzon Hotel? Her husband has been representing the U.S.A. at The Hague in the arbitration between that country and Norway on the question of ships taken over by America during the war. Mrs. Chandler Anderson ought to be able to answer Mr.



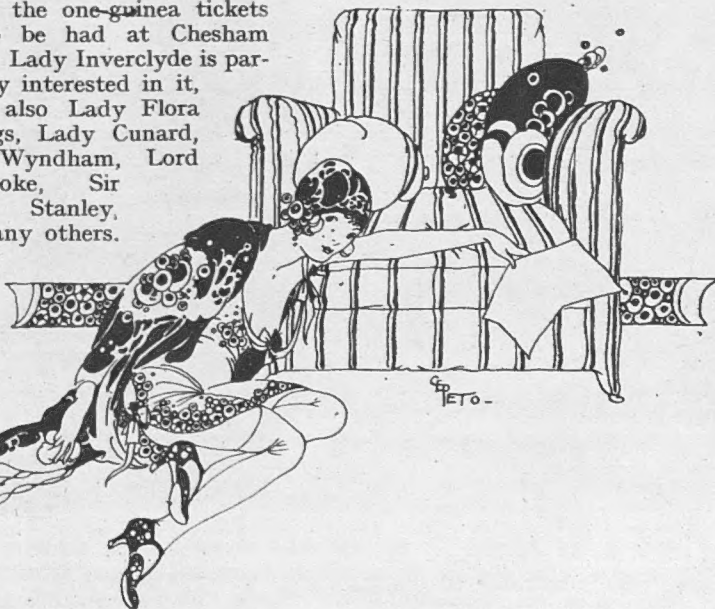
3. Of course, she has lots of lovely new frocks.

Harvey with frigid, if polite, eloquence, having herself been trained in the centre of the Diplomatic Corps in Washington. Her sister is the wife of the present Spanish Ambassador in Washington, Señor Riano.

At Chesham House.

Jane has received a charming invitation to the ball at Chesham House on November 8. It is to assist the funds of the Russian Red Cross, the Russian Relief Fund, and the Ex-Officers' Association, which societies are all helping the Russian refugees here. Princess Christian is a patroness, as well as Princess Marie Louise, the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia, the Grand Duchess George of Russia, the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, Princess Paul Chavchavadze, and the Duchesses of Somerset, Rutland, and Sutherland.

We all remember how jolly those balls were last summer, and are flying to buy the one-guinea tickets still to be had at Chesham House. Lady Inverclyde is particularly interested in it, as are also Lady Flora Hastings, Lady Cunard, Lady Wyndham, Lord Revelstoke, Sir Arthur Stanley, and many others.



5. But she discovers that her party's colours in her proposed constituency are scarlet and puce—an unthinkable combination—so she retires from the fray immediately.

But with all the great houses once again thrown open, I doubt if charity balls will, in the future, be quite such a success as they have been while private entertaining was comparatively rare. While the Coalition was in, Lady Curzon of Kedleston was practically the only Government hostess on a great scale.

Now we shall have the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Salisbury, and Lady Derby—all noted Conservative hostesses—as well as Lady Curzon still doing the honours to the Diplomatic Corps. One of the reception rooms at 1, Carlton House Terrace has lately been panelled throughout with wonderfully mellowed French wood, which makes a beautiful background to the well-selected French Masters in their old carved frames. All the other reception-rooms are English.

Young Lady Sykes, Mr. Bonar Law's daughter, who married Sir Frederick Sykes in 1920, will doubtless proceed with her great social destiny immediately after they have moved into No. 10, Downing Street. Her husband is one of the most interesting of the younger men discovered during the war. He started soldiering in the 15th Hussars, attaining the rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel in 1915, and ending the war as a Major-General, immediately afterwards being appointed Controller-General of Civil Aviation. Indeed, I know of no one who has had so versatile a career. He himself will tell you that he is "uneducated," as his health prevented his going to a public school. But if you talk long enough you discover that he has read everything worth reading and done everything worth doing, including work with the Intelligence Branch in India, passing the Staff College, raising and commanding the Military Wing of the Royal Flying Corps, and for a while commanding respectively the Royal Flying Corps in France and the Royal Naval Air Service in the Eastern Mediterranean. For the rest, he looks like Shakespeare, and is the least advertised clever man in the world.



In London Again.

Jane has just seen the Duke of Atholl, who is back at his house in Eaton Place after his visit to Eastwood, Dunkeld; and also the Duchess of Buckingham with Miss Gore-Langton, recently returned from St. Mary's, Wimbledon, to their charming house in Cadogan Square; and Lord and Lady Malmesbury, who have been in Paris lately, on their way back to Heron Court, Christchurch. Among others just returned to London Jane met Lord and Lady Brownlow,

Lord and Lady Sydenham, and Lady Carisbrooke on her way to open the Fancy Fair at the Hyde Park Hotel—such an

indefatigable worker she always is in the cause of charity.

And then on Tuesday we had Miss Rosamund Bateman-Hanbury's wedding to Canon Douglas-Hamilton—a dear couple. As Lord Bateman is in Florence, his younger brother—the clever inventor, Mr. Charles Bateman—gave the bride away. She looked charming in her gown of ivory-and-gold brocade, and so did her bridesmaids—little Brenda and Daphne Pearson and little Morna Watt, in their Romney picture dresses. But Jane best remembers the bride for her indefatigable work during the war, and how her hospitality at Brome Hall, near Diss, cheered hundreds during those awful early days when even Generals' nerves were all on edge and the whole of Norfolk half expected a German invasion. Lady Edward Churchill, the bride's cousin, has lent her house at Windsor for the honeymoon—a charming, many-gabled, red-brick, big modern house standing in small but delightful gardens. And now we have another wedding, although, as she is a widow, it may be quite a quiet one. I mean Lady Ada Wentworth-Fitzwilliam and Mr. Harry Boyd,



4. She means to let nothing stand in the way of her hunt for votes—and is prepared to go even to the classic length of kissing the butcher.

of the Home Office. Lady Ada is the daughter of the ninth Duke of Leeds, and the widow of the late Hon. William Wentworth-Fitzwilliam.

In Westminster. There has been, of course, much house-moving in Westminster and Whitehall, and will be still more. Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham will probably stay with Miss Faith Moore, Lady Lee's sister, at Roehampton, while they are moving out of their official residence.

Princess Mary, at an evening party, greatly admired some very fine tapestries that hung in some of the beautiful rooms at Admiralty House. They will now be removed to Kensington Palace Gardens, as well as the very fine pictures that Lord Lee has collected. The house in Kensington is nearly ready for occupation, I believe, as it has been in the hands of decorators for some time.

And, talking of lovely rooms, quite the most attractive Jane has seen for years is Lady Florence Willoughby's drawing-room. Practically every period of old needlework designs has been completed by Lady Florence herself, and there are lovely old Tudor work-boxes too. Her husband is, of course, a younger brother of Lord Ancaster; and her little girl is quite the loveliest in London, and a beautiful dancer.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

The Unionist Candidate for South Cardiff at Home.



ON THE TERRACE OF CORYTON: SIR HERBERT AND LADY CORY
AND FRIENDS.



IN THE GARDEN AT CORYTON: MISS CARMEN
AND MISS ROSALIE CORY.



PICKING CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE GREENHOUSE:
LADY CORY.



GIVING HER TWO LITTLE DAUGHTERS A MUSIC-LESSON:
LADY CORY.

Sir Herbert Cory, first Baronet, of Coryton, Whitchurch, Glamorgan, the well-known shipowner, sat as Coalition Conservative Member for Cardiff District from November 1915 till 1918, and was then elected for the South Division of Cardiff. He is a popular figure in the South Division, and is likely to retain his seat. Lady Cory, who is Sir Herbert's second

wife, is the daughter of Mr. Alexander Walker, and is herself a keen politician. She was one of the first of the Women Justices of the Peace, and sits on the Glamorgan County Bench. She has two little girls—Rosalie, born in 1911; and Carmen, who is three years younger. Sir Herbert Cory's Baronetcy dates from 1919.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

The Society Beauty "Mannequin."



WELL KNOWN IN INTELLECTUAL CIRCLES AND NOW DISPLAYING DRESSES: MISS PAULA GELLIBRAND.

Miss Paula Gellibrand is the beautiful Society girl who is so well known in the intellectual set, and has been so frequently chaperoned by the Baroness d'Erlanger. She has recently been assisting a friend by displaying the models at her shop.

Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.

Clubland Caricatures.



FOUNDED IN TENANTLESS STABLES, IN 1874: THE BADMINTON CLUB.

The Badminton Club owes its existence to a coaching celebrity of the nineteenth century—John Benedict, who may be better known to some as the original of Cherry Angell, the hero of the once-popular novel, "A Box for the Season." John Benedict became acquainted with a sporting surgeon named Hurman. They met at Hatchett's. Hurman, who was anxious for social distinction, knew of some tenantless stables

at 100, Piccadilly, and when Benedict suggested that a "new kind of club" might be founded there, seized on the idea and converted the stable-yard into a garden, and the stalls and loose boxes, hay-loft and corn-stores into billiard-room, coffee-room, and suitable club premises. Applications for membership poured in, and by 1875 the Badminton possessed all the conveniences and comforts necessary for a smart club.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

A Beautiful Queen of the Near East.



A GREAT-GRAND MARRIED TO A GREAT-GRAND! QUEEN ELIZABETH OF GREECE.

Queen Elizabeth of Greece, the beautiful wife of King George II. of Greece, is the elder of the married daughters of the King and Queen of Roumania. Her wedding to the King of Greece—then Crown Prince—took place in February 1921, at Bucharest Cathedral. Queen Elizabeth is a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria, as her mother, Queen Marie of Roumania, is the daughter of the first Duke of

Edinburgh, second son of Queen Victoria. Her husband, the King of Greece, is a great-grandson of the same monarch, as his mother, Queen Sophia of Greece, is the daughter of the late Empress Frederick (the Princess Royal), eldest daughter of Queen Victoria. The Queen of Greece and her sister, the Queen of Yugo-Slavia, looked specially lovely in the dresses they wore for the Coronation of their father and mother.

Photograph by Julietta.

The Eve of the Hunting Season: Cubbing Enthusiasts.



THE QUORN MEET AT LORD MORTON'S COVERT: MRS. DUCKWORTH KING AND MISS D. LEVY.



A LADY FOLLOWER OF THE QUORN:
MISS AILEEN HODGSON.



WITH MR. FRED HAINES: MISS BETTY CRAWFORD AT A MEET
OF THE QUORN.



THE OLD BERKELEY MEET AT SHENDISH FARM: MRS. ADAMS,
MISS ADAMS, AND MR. ADAMS AT THE COVERT-SIDE.

Fox-hunting proper opens to-day—Nov. 1—but enthusiasts have been out cub-hunting during the last few weeks, and our page shows some snapshots taken with the Quorn and the Old Berkeley. Mr. W. E. Paget

and Major A. E. Burnaby are the Joint-Masters of the former pack, and Mr. E. T. Tyrwhitt-Drake, Master of the latter. Miss Betty Crawford, who hunts with the Quorn, is a well-known follower.

Photographs by T.P.A. and S. and G.

A Goddaughter of the First Marchioness of Milford Haven.



THE DAUGHTER OF THE LATE ADMIRAL SAVORY :
MRS. DAVID LYNCH.

Mrs. David Lynch is the daughter of the late Admiral Savory, who served so long with the first Marquess of Milford Haven (Prince Louis of Battenberg), and is the wife of Colonel David Lynch. Her husband did good work during the war, and was at one time an Assistant Director on

the H.Q. Staff at the War Office. Mrs. Lynch, who is a goddaughter of the first Marchioness of Milford Haven, is at present "across the water" on a visit to her mother, who is American by birth, and is well known in New York Society.

Photograph by C. Vandyk.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

The Lady Who Knew.

Some day, of course, the writers of memoirs will tell us of the inner manoeuvring and the play of personalities that brought about the fateful Carlton Club decision and the retirement of Mr. Lloyd George from the Premiership. As we know, when Mr. Asquith was deposed, and also when the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was in the throes of Cabinet-building, there can be masterful men who exert influence behind the scenes, and, by the skilful bringing together of personages who are in the limelight, can make and unmake Ministries.

One quite interesting fact is that a certain lady of Society, who has long been a friend of two peers who were very active in the last crisis, knew at 7 a.m. on the day of the Carlton Club meeting that Mr. Bonar Law had made his decision; and she realised what the ultimate result would be. She telephoned the news to a friend of hers, and gave an almost exact forecast of the voting figures.

Mr. Churchill and the Nurse.

Another story of the crisis, told me by a political friend, concerns Mr. Winston Churchill.

Mr. Churchill, in a nursing home after his operation for appendicitis, was being gently chided by a nurse because of his restlessness.

"There is a lady in the next room," she said, "and she is a much better patient. She has taken her operation much more calmly."

"That's all very well," replied Mr. Churchill grimly; "but she has only lost her appendix. I've lost my appendix and my job as well."

The Standard Accent.

Someone who went to the dinner, at the Hotel Victoria, of the Coalition Unionists who supported Mr. Chamberlain at the Carlton Club meeting made one rather interesting comment.

He said that of all the speakers—and there were Sir Ernest Pollock, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Balfour, Lord Birkenhead, and Sir Robert Horne—only one, Lord Balfour, spoke without what might be termed an accent.

Or, to put it in another way, Lord Balfour spoke with the standard English accent—standard in the sense that his way of pronouncing his words betrayed no trace

of locality, in the same way that you would say the Shakespearean actor, Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, spoke with the standard English accent.

No one, he said, would have mistaken Sir Ernest Pollock for anything but a Londoner; Lancashire every now and again crept into "F. E.'s" way of speaking—only very slightly, but one could detect it by the clipped vowels

Club Bets.

We are not likely for many years to have a betting year like that of 1919, when a trade and speculation boom set in, and the mania to spend and to back horses spread to all classes. But the bookmakers have not done at all badly this year, particularly as rank outsiders have carried off so large a share of the chief races.

There is one club I know, though, where the betting members have by no means had a bad year. The chief grumbler has been the hall porter, who telephones the bets for most of the members. His commission from the commission agent is, I believe, a shilling each loser, and for several weeks now the winners have outnumbered the losers.

A day or two before the Cambridgeshire he was looking spent and fagged. A non-betting member commiserated with him on his tired looks. "Yes," replied the porter, "I've put through £1500 in bets this afternoon—one was for £200 each way; and I have to be very careful about amounts and the names of the horses; and some of the members rush in with their bets at the last moment. It's like sweating blood. And I reckon this afternoon I've made three shillings out of it all."

The Dance Bands.

It looks like being a bigger dance season this winter than ever before. One result is the competition to secure orchestras which play with the lilt and rhythm that compel the feet to move in time with the music.

The Embassy Club is considered to have made a capture by signing on Hickman's Band—undoubtedly a rare combination of instrumentalists, in which a violin-player is not included.

The first time this orchestra played at the Embassy, there was a gathering as fashionable as might have turned up for a theatrical first night. And dancers are so critical, not

to say spoilt, these days: a band has to be very good indeed to earn praise.

The Berkeley, too, has a band that is being talked about, while Prince's has introduced the Revelos, a jazz combination in which the banjo and the mandoline play a most inspiring part. It is a very good band indeed, and there is an additional point of interest: three of its members were officers in the Air Force during the war.



A BRIDESMAID AT THE HOWARD-LODER WEDDING: LADY MARY THYNNE.

Lady Mary Thynne, the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, was one of the bridesmaids at the marriage of Miss Diana Loder to Captain the Hon. Donald Howard. She was one of Princess Mary's bridesmaids, and was one of the most important debutantes of last season.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

in such words as "understand" and "man"; nothing, naturally, could disguise that Sir Robert Horne came from over the Border; and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, for all his many years in London and the South, has not shed all traces in his speech of a Midland ancestry.

It must have been fascinating to consider important political speakers from that point of view.

"What is the Tango?" ask the British Authorities.



Come! Come!

It is this :-

First, the

Paso

Damrotta,

(6 bars).

followed by

the —

Paso
Ridícolo. (8 bars).



After this we
have
the

Paso

Stupído

($\frac{3}{14}$ bars).



which
leads
naturally

to the

Paso

Futílo

($\frac{1}{2}$ bar)

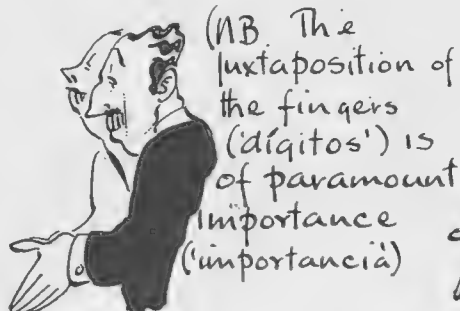
Note



In all the above intricate movements it is advisable to assume an expression of incipient lunacy, coupled with nonchalance (the latter to give the impression that you do not really want the whole room to admire you.)



The ideal
expression.



(NB. The
juxtaposition of
the fingers
('dígitos') is
of paramount
importance
('importancia')

A slight variation
of expression
permissible for the
Paso Ridícolo.



Another facial variation
which harmonises
delightfully with the Paso
Damrotta (but not Paso Futílo).

D'EGVILLE

THE VITAL QUESTION!

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.



About Bunkers—Ancient and Modern.

By R. Endersby Howard.

Mercy and Sagacity.

I think there is to be detected a marked tendency among the architects of modern inland golf-courses to temper their might with a good deal of mercy, and that in a sagacious way. They are constructing their bunkers to appear as fearsome as vast death-traps, but to possess qualities of exceeding benevolence—for hazards—towards anybody who honours them with a visit. They are as the Wild Men of Borneo in the side-show at a circus—all dressed up to look the part, and terrifying to gaze upon, but exhibiting not the slightest malignancy beyond detaining you for a moment or two during your round.

Improving on Acquaintance.

There is no question that this principle of bunker construction affords considerable gratification to the average player—who, in every club, constitutes at least nine-tenths of the membership. It may not satisfy a champion's idea of a test of golf. "All eye-wash" was the verdict that I heard one famous amateur pronounce upon the scheme of bunkering at a well-known London course. The plan consists of having chains of big, long, shallow bunkers down the side of the fairway. They are so large and so numerous that the place has the elements of a veritable golfing nightmare. But you have to hit the ball a long way off the line to enter this Sahara; and if you do reach it, you find that it has few of the horrors that you had expected. The sand is generally firm, so that the ball sits up on it; and the bunkers, although shallow, are made so that the fall all round is towards the centre. Their length is parallel with the line of play; they have no grassy banks round them; and so it is a common thing for a moderate golfer to hit a full iron shot from one of these hazards—just as he might do from the middle of the fairway—and reach the green. Yet the remark that comes involuntarily from the lips of the person paying his first visit to the course is: "You've plenty of bunkers here, and big ones, too."

The Hard School.

There was a time—and that not more than ten or fifteen years ago—when links architects focussed their attention on making courses as difficult as possible. The bunkers were insidious, deep, and retentive. Most trying of all, they had steep faces, which meant that, if the victim's ball finished close to the front of a hazard, he either had to play out sideways or take the big chance of hitting the face of the bunker and remaining in it. Everything was on the same principle; the putting-greens bristled with hog's-backs and other baffling slopes which a lot of people called eccentric, and which, they said, made it impossible to lay a long putt dead.

It is conceivable that the designers were working on the right lines from the point of view of golf as a scientific game. They wanted to cope with the improvements in ball-manufacture, which were tending to make the shots easier; and they wanted to be sure, so far

Equity and Enjoyment.

But their ideals, however highly they may have recommended themselves to golfers as upholders of stern discipline and

to enjoy himself. He wanted to see plenty of bunkers, so as to create a strong sense of the presence of danger and make him realise that this was no easy game that he was playing—that he must keep his mind on it; but he objected to anybody imposing on his Spartan spirit, his willingness to face difficulties, by hemming in his line of play with small, deep, treacherous hazards dotted here, there, and everywhere—hazards, too, from which recovery was desperately hard to achieve. He was not pining to go through terror to triumph; he preferred a pleasanter road.

The result is to be seen in Accommodation. the bunkers on modern courses. They are large; they are not, as a rule, deep for their size; and their slopes gravitate towards the centre, so that, even when their patron finds his ball somewhere near the fore part of the hazard, he usually has an uphill lie, which helps him to get the ball up quickly and clear the trouble. He is not compelled to dig for it so diligently as in the old types of bunker, many of which, naturally, still exist. Moreover, the modern bunkers seldom have ramparts of turf immediately in front. They constitute the refinement of golfing justice. At a rough estimate, they probably entail the loss of half a stroke. In some circumstances—as, for instance, in the chain of shallow, end-on bunkers which my friend described as "eye-wash" and from which a full iron shot can often be accomplished—they involve no suffering. And they make the player feel heroic. The old bunker usually meant the loss of a whole stroke, and that, however just it may be, flatters nobody.

Seaside Trials.

To be sure, if you would exact and suffer real martyrdom for the errant shots that find their perverse way into bunkers, you can take and receive your fill of it on almost any seaside course that is laid out among sandhills.

There the hazards are natural—much more natural than sagacious. The most pathetic case of suffering that ever I knew in this connection was related to me a little while ago by Lord Castlerosse. He was opposing a plus player from Limerick in the South of Ireland Open Amateur Championship at Lahinch. For the Limerick man, that round consisted of one bunker after another. He had lost the first eight holes. At the ninth he was bunkered, as usual, from his drive.

Misery Complete.

He went into the hazard, and, after one unsuccessful effort to recover, rained blow after blow at the ball until the eighth crash lifted him clear.

"How many have you played in there?" asked Lord Castlerosse as the sufferer emerged.

"Four," was the gentle reply.

Such exceeding modesty troubled Lord Castlerosse.

"Don't be silly," he said.

"You've played eight—I was watching you."

The poor man from Limerick ran his hand through his hair.

"Here am I eight down to you at the eighth hole," he said. "And here are you eight up on me. And m' heart's broken, and m' clubs are all bent, and m' shoes are full of sand. And now you're disputing the score!"



WINNERS OF THE MIXED FOURSOMES AT WORPLESDON: THE REDOUBTABLE BROTHER AND SISTER, MR. ROGER AND MISS JOYCE WETHERED.

Mr. Roger Wethered and his sister, Miss Joyce Wethered, make a magnificent combination in mixed foursome play, and gave a splendid exhibition of golf in the tournament at Worpleston. They beat Mrs. Patey and Mr. E. Noel Layton in the final by 2 and 1.

Photograph by P.I.C.



LAST YEAR'S WINNING COUPLE AND THE PAIR WHO KNOCKED THEM OUT: MISS E. E. HELME AND MR. T. A. TORRANCE, AND MISS J. E. ROGERS AND MR. DOUGLAS FISH.

Mr. Torrance and Miss E. E. Helme, winners of the mixed foursomes at Worpleston last year, were knocked out in the third round this year by Mr. Douglas Fish and Miss J. E. Rogers, who beat them by one hole.

Photograph by S. and G.

justice, were not popular among golfers as golfers. Some people said that these courses were so testing as to be worthy of selection for championship contests, but that was precisely the kind of course that the ordinary player did not desire. He wanted

Retriever Trials and a Shoot.



GUESTS AT SIX-MILE BOTTOM: (STANDING, L. TO R.) LORD PEMBROKE, SIR MATTHEW WILSON, THE HON. SIR HARRY STONOR, THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, SIR LAWRENCE PHILIPPS, LORD LOVAT, MR. GEOFFREY PHILIPPS, MR. HANNING, PHILIPPS, MR. WOGAN PHILIPPS, AND (SEATED) THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND, LADY PEMBROKE, LADY PHILIPPS, AND THE HON. MARGARET BEST.



AT THE KENNEL CLUB'S RETRIEVER TRIALS: LADY SEFTON AND COLONEL THE HON. HENRY BRIDGEMAN, D.S.O., M.C.

Sir Lawrence Philipps is the youngest of the sons of the late Rev. Canon Sir James Erasmus Philipps, twelfth Baronet, and is a brother of Lord St. Davids, Sir Owen, and Sir Ivor Philipps. He has five sons and one daughter. Our group, which shows his shooting party at Six-Mile Bottom, near Newmarket, includes the Earl and Countess of Pembroke (whose daughter, Lady Patricia Herbert, came out last week), Colonel



WITH BESS OF KENTFORD: THE HON. MRS. E. D. GRIGG AND MISS BELL AT THE RETRIEVER TRIALS.

"Scatters" Wilson, M.P., the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and the Hon. Margaret Best, sister of Lord Wynford.—The Kennel Club's Retriever Trials were held at Aqualate, near Newport, Salop. The Countess of Sefton is the wife of the sixth Earl, and the third sister of the Earl of Bradford, and Colonel the Hon. George Bridgeman is her brother. The Hon. Mrs. Grigg is the youngest sister of Lord St. Leonards.



Tales with a sting.

UNCLE AUSTIN.

By MAY WYNNE.

"SO you don't remember ever hearing of your Uncle Austin, who went out to Nevada thirty years ago?" asked the stranger. "Sure, I'd have thought Sister Lucy would have spoken to her kid girl about the brother she doted on. You can't cast your mind back as far as what he used to tell yew about Mulberry Tree Farm?"

Ann Welcox shook her comely head.

"My mother died when I was seven," she replied. "And we've never had anything to do with her family. Father's people, well, they belong to the town—that may have been the reason, but I never knew I had an Uncle Austin."

The grizzled, skew-eyed individual with the sun-dried skin and stooping shoulders sighed.

"Maybe you don't want the acquaintance?" he hinted. Ann pursed her lips.

"You've been in Nevada?" she queried, with a business woman's ripe instinct.

The skew eyes of Uncle Austin focussed themselves on her face.

"Sure," he nodded.

"Prospecting?" asked Ann, her heartbeats quickening.

"Death Valley," agreed the man, drawing a hard sigh. "The rattlers, the fever spook, and I had it to ourselves. My chum died."

"You found—?" breathed Ann.

The man raised his clenched fists with strangely dramatic gesture.

"Gold," he growled. "Gold. Yuss! I've brought back a fortune. It's safe enough in the bank—and investments. I've money enough to live soft to the age of Me-thus'lah; but what's living soft? I'm a tough, an' a lone hand. Bin a lone hand for thirty years. I want mor'n soft livin'. I want a home."

His eyes grew moist. He tugged at his rough beard.

"All right for a picshur of the home bird, eh?" he mocked. "A curly-haired nipper's Daddy-Pops! I'm a fool—an' wuss! The saloon bar'd be me best place if the country weren't burnt dry."

Ann Welcox let him rattle on that far. She was a business woman, mark you, who'd lived thirty years in this world, and figured to end her days either in Fourth Avenue or Long Island. Might be amongst New York's Five Hundred if only Clement James took her advice when he went to Wall Street. Already they had a sizeable house and a small automobile. Ann had a fur coat and jewels. Like all her possessions, the fur coat and jewels were in a sense investments. Ann liked her money's-worth. She looked at the sun-blackened scarecrow of a man before her, and saw her money's-worth with a good percentage. Must have been a ripe sixty if he was a day, and had reached the first stage of senile decay. He wanted sympathy and sob stuff, old nests and curly-haired angels, etc. Ann knew to a hair the state of Uncle Austin's needs as he stood there talking as if fortunes—clawed out of the very maw of Death—were nothing at all.

"You come right in," she said, with that brisk motherliness which told of a nursery, way upstairs. "And don't talk any of that patter about saloon bars. 'Merica's dry; and don't we women bless the day when that whisky drought started! You come right in and see what sort of a welcome Sister

Lucy's kid girl Ann can give the last of her relations."

Uncle Austin hesitated. He was dirty enough to be thrice millionaire. But he wasn't sure that Ann understood that much. His niece was thawing fast under the influence of rapid calculations. She put out a plump hand and pulled Uncle Austin across the threshold.

"You can stay here till you fix up to marry the first widow who wants to spend money," said she. And Uncle Austin chuckled.

Clement James had always admired his wife. It's the way with American husbands—and I don't wonder.

Ann was an average specimen of common-sense. Having decided that Uncle Austin could be made a better investment than Oils, she played a bold hand.

Uncle Austin—in the first throes of premature senile decay—wanted a home. Niece Ann's home was at his service. And I'll say for Ann she knew all about creature comforts.

That's what tickled Clement James. Even if he was a money-making machine, his wife saw how to keep that machine in super-order. She had a first-class cook and a first-class housemaid. Everything was clock-work and apple-pie order. Clement James was the sort of man to appreciate this. And for a time Uncle Austin didn't seem to do so. It was beautiful to see the spirit in which Ann took the manners and customs of that old tough. Table manners came first on the list of mental torturing. Uncle Austin's table manners needed a good thick veil cast over them. I won't enumerate his little failings, but they were of a kind which robbed Ann of appetite and kept Clement James late at business. Of course, Ann had insisted on the old fellow visiting a tailor and bootmaker; but try as she would, she couldn't get him near the bath-room.

Uncle Austin had a kind of rooted hatred and horror of water. The smart housemaid gave notice on the plea that she hadn't been engaged to clean out a pig-sty, which Mr. Ligwaller's room was no better.

Ann groaned, she may even have sworn, but she didn't suggest Uncle Austin finding another home. As it was, she was fairly worried about Mary Crewe Danler inviting the old fellow round to her flat so often. Mary Crewe Danler was a pork-butcher's widow, or, as Ann would have placed her, a substantial step leading up to the Five Hundred.

Mrs. Danler quite doted on Uncle Austin. She called him cryptic and an original, and said she should have liked to make a collection of the species.

Uncle Austin was rather taken with the old woman, but he told Ann quietly that he didn't figure to make a fool of himself at his time of life.

That was comforting, but Ann began to plan a country trip. She knew Mary Crewe Danler wouldn't be leaving New York, as the dentist was fixing her new teeth, and she was paying a fancy price for a new beauty cure.

Uncle Austin said he'd be tickled to death to come to Singing Bird Valley, or any such stunt. He thought he might become better acquainted with Rosemary Coral and Washington Henry, who were the curly-haired darlings to whom one day he meant to leave his millions. Rosemary Coral and Washington Henry had not yet come to the years of

discretion when they could recognise true gold under mahogany; and, in spite of candies and spankings, continued to holler at sight of their adoring uncle.

But the old fellow didn't grumble. He said he guessed they'd all be pards in Singing Bird Valley. Meantime, he was all for fixing a real knock-out entertainment before leaving New York. Ann had *carte blanche* as to expenses, and Uncle Austin already had handsome credit accounts at the biggest stores. Ann discussed the entertainment with friends who hovered on the scanty skirts of the Five Hundred, and revelled to think how she would be figuring in the journals.

There was a 'phone message through two days before the entertainment, asking Ann to go out at once to her dearest friend at Long Island. Most annoying. But Uncle Austin said if there was anything to fix, he would fix it.

Clement James had to go with his wife, and the trouble was that half-an-hour later the 'phone went wrong in the house, and the housemaid's brother sent for her in a hurry. That household got busy in the best way, I can assure you; and, to crown all, Uncle Austin had visitors not half-an-hour after his niece and her husband had gone.

Ann brought her husband home at the earliest chance, for the good reason that her dearest friend hadn't sent her the 'phone message after all. Ann was worried, but she guessed a good meal would put her right, and she would be spending the next day in planning that entertainment with Uncle Austin. It did Ann good to be thinking of how all her cherished dreams were coming true, thanks to that old fellow who would figure second to none one of these days in a Society which loved a genuine eccentric.

Margison must have gone out, for no one answered the house bell. No lights showed in the windows. No, nor even in the nursery. Could Uncle Austin have been that bold as to take Rosemary and Washington to a play? Ann grew fussy, and insisted on Clement James calling round the police. By this time she was convinced that she had been deceived in those first-rate servants of hers. She only hoped they hadn't got Uncle Austin's goat by being saucy to the poor old fellow. Servants have no tact, and surely tact is needed in dealing with millionaires of the tough kind. By the time the police arrived, however, Ann was off on another tack. Mary Crewe Danler, plus those new teeth and rejuvenated by the beauty cure, would have been luring Uncle Austin round to a little party at her place. How Ann hated widows—and servants.

The police and Clement James had been getting busy all this while, but Ann was the first to enter the house. It didn't seem to be any use calling Margison. In fact, it didn't seem any use calling anyone, since a complete silence reigned everywhere.

Clement James went straight for the dining-room, where he hoped to locate one of those neat little suppers which Ann knew so well how to arrange for. The police, with equally natural aptitude, hurried to the kitchen.

Ann was looking at herself in the long mirror to see if she were travel-stained.

The police hail came first, and Ann hurried out to find the electric light ablaze in the kitchen, and the cook being unfastened from

This Week's Studdy.



WILLIAM TELL, JUNR.

The Studdy Dog is very sorry that "The Sketch" published the photographs illustrating Mr. E. A. Forrest's trick golf in Egypt, as Master, seeing that the Open Champion of Egypt can tee his ball on an upturned

tumbler, or on his caddie's hand, and drive off without breaking or overturning the former or injuring the latter, has forced his dog to co-operate with him in doing an even finer golf trick.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

~ THE 'GUNPOWDER - PLOT', IF IT HAD COME OFF! ~



IT IS EXPECTED THAT MR. GUY FAWKES WILL ACCEPT THE PRESIDENCY (which MR. J. CATESBY has offered him) & THAT MR. J. CATESBY WILL ACCEPT THE PREMIERSHIP (which MR. G. FAWKES has offered to him.)
(* when he has recovered from his temporary indisposition.)

NOTE: How on PARLIAMENT HILL, the FELLOW CONSPIRATORS of MR. FAWKES (who are watching from a safe distance) ARE CHEERING... ALSO, the CONSTERNATION of the good people, & door keepers, etc, in the near vicinity..

How "The Sketch" might have illustrated the Gunpowder Plot had "The Sketch" been in existence, and had the Treason happened as "The Sketch" now shows it might have happened!

The New Mistress of No. 10, Downing Street.



MR. BONAR LAW'S MARRIED DAUGHTER: LADY SYKES.

The new leading political hostess, and mistress of No. 10, Downing Street, is Mr. Bonar Law's married daughter, Lady Sykes, as his younger girl is not grown up. Lady Sykes married Major-General Sir Frederick Hugh Sykes, G.B.E., K.C.B., C.M.G., the famous airman, in 1920, and she and

her husband always spend a good deal of their time with Mr. Bonar Law. They recently gave up their flat in Albany Court, and, during the exciting days of the political crisis, were staying with the new Premier at his house in Onslow Gardens.—[Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.]



MONNA, MISTRESS OF THE SITUATION: MISS MADGE TITHERAGE

Miss Madge Titherage's beauty and charm, as well as her powers of emotional acting, are well known to all theatregoers. Her present rôle of Monna, the heroine of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," the new production at the Queen's, shows her to even better advantage than the tragic parts, such as Desdemona and Domini Enfielden, in which she has recently been seen. Miss Madge Titherage plays Monna to perfection. She is Bluebeard's eighth wife—and she really loves him, but she sees that he must be taught a lesson, as his immense wealth has made

Photograph by Foulsham



TITHERADGE AS THE HEROINE OF "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE."

him believe that he can buy any woman for his wife, and divorce her equally easily. Monna determines to pretend infidelity, and arranges to be discovered with Count Hubert de Linancourt, an old admirer, in compromising circumstances, in order to shock Bluebeard, the millionaire John Brown, into feeling jealous. Her plan succeeds admirably; and the way in which Miss Titheradge and Mr. Hugh Wakefield (as Hubert) carry off a bed-room scene of an extremely daring character without striking one false note is a remarkable achievement.

and Banfield, Ltd.

Victorious in a Rowing Match at the Adelphi.



AS MARY BAYNHAM IN "THE ISLAND KING": MISS NANCIE LOVAT.

Miss Nancie Lovat makes a charming English heroine in "The Island King," the new musical comedy at the Adelphi, and a piquant contrast to the equally fascinating Island girl, Princess Poppela, whom she beats in a rowing match at Gorlington-on-Thames. Our photograph shows

Miss Lovat in a very practical and "fetching" rowing dress. Miss Lovat is a niece of Mr. Walter Passmore, and made her first stage appearance in 1915. She is one of the most charming of our young actresses, and has been seen in a number of successful productions.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

The Island Princess with English Habits.



AS POPPELA, AT THE ADELPHI: MISS DOROTHY SHALE.

Princess Poppela of Etaria is the attractive Island Princess in "The Island King," at the Adelphi, and is the "opposition beauty" to the English girl, Mary Baynham, who is played by Miss Nancie Lovat. Miss Dorothy Shale is a young actress of considerable charm and

talent, and makes a very alluring figure out of the Princess of Etaria, who is shown both on her native isle and in English surroundings in the new musical comedy. Other photographs of "The Island King" will be found in another part of this issue.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

AN OPPORTUNITY *for* ALL ARTISTS

THE SKETCH OFFERS £100

for a Simple Two-Colour Drawing.



OWING to the big increase in the circulation of "THE SKETCH," which necessitates greater rapidity of printing, it has been found desirable to alter the cover design for that paper (the figure, that is to say, which accompanies the title), to one broader and simpler in design, and therefore better suited to cover-printing. The present figure is too delicate in colouring for the purpose. The Editor of "THE SKETCH" therefore throws the design open for competition, and offers the sum of £100 for a design judged suitable for use on "THE SKETCH" cover.

In order to facilitate a complete understanding of his requirements, he publishes the following three designs.



CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION.

- (1) Any competitor may send in any number of designs.
- (2) All designs must reach this office—*The Sketch*, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2; by not later than first post on Dec. 21, 1922, as it is intended, if possible, to use the winning design on the cover of the first issue of *The Sketch* in 1923.
- (3) Each drawing must have upon it the artist's name and address.
- (4) Drawings must be bold in their lines, and the dress must be in a strong, flat red, with fainter red for flesh colouring. A multiplicity of lines is to be avoided.
- (5) The drawing must be of a female figure representing *The Sketch*, and should be so designed as to suggest the policy of that paper—the treatment of artistic, social, and theatrical life.
- (6) Costume and coiffure must be such that they will not become "dated"; that is to say, they must not conform so strictly to the fashion of the day that they will become out of date.
- (7) The present form of lettering of the title (that is, *The Sketch*) must be incorporated in the design, in its present position on the page, and in its present proportion to the remainder of the design. The space to be occupied by the complete design, including the title, will be exactly the same as that now occupied on the cover of *The Sketch* by the figure at present in use and the title at present in use.
- (8) The Editor's decision is to be final in all matters, and he alone will be the judge of the suitability of the designs submitted.

Subject to these conditions, and provided that the designs submitted include one that is judged suitable for use on the cover of *The Sketch*, the Editor will pay £100 for the winning drawing, this to cover the original and full copyright, which will then become the property of *The Sketch*. Drawings, except the winner and any reserved for possible future use (by arrangement with the artists), will be returned in due course, provided postage or carriage is pre-paid by the competitors; but the Editor will not be responsible for the loss or damage of any drawings.

Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

THE average spectator at a Rugger match takes about as much interest in the doings of the scrum as a theatregoer in the efforts of the male members of the chorus of a musical comedy. I have to emphasise the word "male," because the bewildering beauty of the ladies of the chorus is frequently the sole objective of every man's opera-glass in the house.

There is a certain amount of analogy to be observed between these two so different types of players. The members of the scrum start the performance; just as the opening chorus kick off when the curtain goes up. But if there is too much scrum work, or the chorus occupy the stage too long, we get a little bored and wonder when our favourite wing three-quarter is going to thrill us with a brilliant run; in much the same way as the theatre audience grow impatient for the entrance of the popular musical-comedy hero, that they may hear his fine tenor voice trilling a romantic love ditty. I have previously stated that my sympathy is ever with the "big four" (twice) of a team. I love to see them form down, knitting themselves together in three rows—mostly plain, I fear, but with a possible purl in the middle one. They are such patient, docile creatures. When they don't hear the referee telling them to break up—though he may be quite a wee little man—you will see him go up to the scrum and slap one or two of them on



MR. A. DONIS,
ON THE BALL
in the afternoon....

this is accomplished, and the tasty morsel is thrown into the mouth of the hungry scrum—there to be gobbled up, one minute, by a row of eight pairs of feet; only to be just as quickly disgorged the next.

The big reason why forwards are not more generally in favour is that their job is such a messy one. Their heads become tousled, their faces mud-begrimed, their clothes filthy—in fact, their appearance generally, compared with the three-quarters (who can keep themselves comparatively spruce and tidy) can hardly be called attractive. I knew a girl, the sister of a well-known Rugger player, who was a very keen follower of the game. One day an old Oxford friend of her brother's was coming to play whom he particularly wanted his sister to meet. It was a very wet day, and the Oxford friend was a forward. She discovered him by the

number (almost hidden by mud) on his jersey. After the match, she told her brother, very candidly, she had never seen such a ghastly-looking creature in her life. They were to meet, however, at a dance that same night. There she fell in love with him—he was really a splendid-looking man—and eventually became his wife.

I often wonder what the King finds to say to each of the thirty men he so often shakes hands with on big occasions at Twickenham. His Majesty has frequently met W. J. A. Davies under these circumstances, so that they are now quite old Rugger friends, and maybe Davies does most of the talking. I can think of a few things that he might say. For instance, when introducing Kershaw to the King, it seems to me something like this ought to go well: "This, Sir, is Kershaw, the man I get all my passes from. I've dealt with him for years, Sir. Most reliable they are: gets them straight from the heels of the scrum, Sir, in prime condition."

Then, on arriving at H. L. V. Day, it wouldn't be a bad thing to say: "This is the man, Sir, if I should happen by any chance to get a try (oh, well, thank you, Sir. Yes, I did score against Scotland last March), that I always get to convert it as soon as possible into a goal. Much more valuable in that form, Sir, and he does it very neatly and without fuss."

The movement of the four three-quarters, as they race down the field at top speed—the ball swiftly changing hands till it comes to the wing—is certainly the finest spectacle that the game provides. But it is essential that the players should run straight—and so often they don't. What can we do to stop three-quarters running obliquely, until the inside finds himself pressing on the wing, and the wing bored into touch?

This kind of thing might be all right if the goal-line were the touch-line, and vice-versa. Really, from the way some backs run, you might think that they had been brought up on a ground of that shape.

I fear it would be too dangerous—because a man has to be shoved into touch, or tackled on the touch-line—but if it were possible to have a ground with the touch-line marked by a trench ten feet deep, and of similar width, I feel sure we should find players making straight for the goal-line and avoiding the touch-line like the plague.



W.W.
WAKEFIELD,
CAPTAIN,
CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY
R.U.F.C.



& AT
THE BALL
in the
evening.



THE FULL BACK.

a tender part, quite hard. Of course, he rather takes advantage of his official position when he does this: certainly no ordinary layman would dare.

A study of the different kinds of scrum is most interesting. They range from the untidy affair, which never packs neatly and always shoves crooked, to the trimly compiled muscular mass, which goes round in circles and finishes up by facing its own goal-line. It is here again that the referee will exercise brute force as a remedy. I



REFeree BREAKING UP SCRUM.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"THROUGH THREE REIGNS": A FILM OF PORTENT.

"We put the world before you."

MAY I be forgiven for lending to Hepworth the motto of Gaumont; but never before has a film so truly reflected the latter-day history of the world as this pageant of decades within memory. There were only three things missing to make it complete: Gladstone preaching Home Rule; Queen Victoria's triumphal progress at the Jubilee of '37; and the Diamond Jubilee of '97. For the rest, what a bundle of memories for the middle-aged; what a stimulant to the younger generation; what a demonstration of progress! Above all, what food for reflection, proud and joyful and sad—saddest of all when we behold that little gun-carriage with the Great Queen's remains, and behind it the figures of King Edward the Peacemaker and Wilhelm the War Lord! How it makes one think of the vicissitudes of life, the frailty of all human conceits! But these are after-thoughts; the film gallops on and swiftly varies our moods. We flit from the 'Eighties and their comparative humdrum, their hideous modes—the dress-improver and the toque—their cabbies and their "growlers," to the 'Nineties, when the motor led to elegies on the passing of the horse; when Lumière at the Polytechnic revealed the wonders of the kinema, of which, as children, we had an inkling by the toy of the Russian mill; when the income tax was a farce, and war (except the little ones that did not count) an event beyond the range of all possibilities. Then a bolt from the blue—"that telegram" and its consequences; the heroes of Lady-smith and Mafeking home in triumph; little Lord Roberts, the great idol of the people; a change of reign—great sadness; again great joy, in anticipation of the Coronation of Europe's First Gentleman; another blight—King Edward's illness, the feast postponed, but, in the delightful stoicism of the nation, the crowd of denizens and country cousins perambulating the decorated streets, hailing "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark; at length the real thing, when Kaisers, kings of all Europe, and dusky rulers of the Indian Empire hallowed London as a city of peace and goodwill to all men. And so on and so forth speeds the film of history; a little too fast, methinks, after the magnificent pomp and circumstance when King Edward was laid to rest. We would have had more of the Georgian Era, more beyond our Prince's picturesque investiture with the Garter in the Principality of bards and tall hats. We would have loved to review once again the glorious days since the guns of November 11 boomed victory, peace, and henceforth, on every anniversary, for two minutes set the puissant machinery of the world's greatest city at full-stop and quickened the heart-beats of millions. But that may form another chapter; the one before us is richly sufficient unto the day.

II.

THE CO-OPTIMISTS, AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

"So they lived apple-ly ever after."

THUS one of the Co-Optimist boys in their mad, merry medley of the vegetable garden, "Spring-Punions." It was the first cold day, but, no sooner had the curtain risen and the chorus warbled to the jingle of Melville Gideon on the piano than a spring-like

feeling overcame us. These ten happy mortals are full of the joy of living, and as they are full of talent, too, they shower happiness about. If I were called upon to distribute awards of merit, I should, of course, single out Phyllis Monkman as Number One. Her voice may be husky—she chaffs it herself—but



A SUCCESS IN "GLAMOUR" AT THE APOLLO: MISS FRANCES CARSON, THE DORIS READE OF MR. PETER GARLAND'S PLAY.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

her mind is as nimble as are her feet; she is the sprite of comedy, and, perched on the grand piano, she hovers over her fellow-players like a statuette of biscuit in the china-cabinet. Next, I would choose Melville



"THE NINE O'CLOCK REVUE" AT THE LITTLE: MISS BEATRICE LILLIE IN THE SPANISH SCENA OF "CATCHING UP."

Photograph by Topical.

Gideon, the piper who calls the melodious tunes. He has the rare gift of atmosphere: when he chants his "When the Sun Goes Down," there reign twilight and romance. He inspires them all, especially the fine, sonorous voice of Stanley Holloway, whose "Wheel-Tapper" is a real little ode of the railroad: in the din, the stamping, the groan of the wheels we hear the music which haunts so many of us during a train journey. Next we have Laddie Cliff, the accomplished Jack-of-all-Trades, who might have been a first-rate Russian dancer if he had not preferred to father the Co-Optimists; Betty Chester, who has a truly charming voice, and is ever so much more pleasing when, with all the grace of a prima-donna, she discreetly,

feelingly, sings romances than when she outromps and outvoices her partners in choruses. I have reserved to the last—with a compliment to every member of the company, especially to Davy Burnaby—my appreciation of Gilbert Childs. This artist has a rare individuality. He makes me think of Pélissier, whose throne is still vacant. But Childs is gradually climbing up the steps. Hear him in that delicious mock-heroic, "Don't Scrap the British Navy"—one of those indescribable drolleries which poke fun at our most priceless possessions, yet in the undercurrent touch the patriotic note. We have visions of all hands on deck on a cruiser with all the zest and joy of Merrie England, and a few mellow Cockney vowels to make us feel cosy—Londonish. Again, observe his dry humour as the railway porter at Old Bedstead station—the British worker in all his glory of the too-much-work-and-no-play spirit. It is caricature, but, oh, the truth of it! Among the Co-Optimists, Childs is the lad of the village and no mistake. But the whole programme is full of good things (among them "The Vampire," that is a little gem of a skit); and there is not a word, a line, or a gesture which could give umbrage to the most squeamish hearer—a find in these days of little dress and two meanings. To the Co-Optimists every girl may take her papa, and every boy his mammy; they will all live "apple-ly" ever after.

III.

COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, AT THE COLISEUM.

"Prenez-garde à la peinture."

SIR OSWALD, like the golden horsemen of his Coliseum, has ridden through the decree of Moscow, and, in defiance of Napoleon, lured the Comédie Française to London. How was it done?

Well, you know what the poet said of heaven and accommodation—it is not quite the Comédie Française, but it is a nice spray of it, with a few shining names as sign-posts. They began with "Venise" and a little play of de Flers, and Mlle. Marie Leconte was the bonnie star. It was one of those delicious morsels of French *bavardage* which in a *théâtre intime* are savoured like a *pêche Melba*. No sooner had it begun than I felt nervous as to whether this badinage would "get over" in a house so vast. Had I known of the choice, I would have warned our visitors: "Mind the paint!" At the Coliseum you must use the panorama brush, not the pencil. And for a little while the whole thing trembled in the balance, and we who cherish the Entente trembled for a rift in the lute—for they coughed, and they laughed, and shouted strange things, and broke up in mock applause, while Marie Leconte and M. Montin, with all the grace of French *diseurs*, interchanged sparkling repartee which dies in the flight over the footlights. But sang-froid saved the situation. Marie Leconte and M. Montin accepted the mock plaudits as a real tribute; they never wavered; they bowed with exquisite grandeur; they went on. And the man in the gallery is ever a real "sport" and admirer of pluck; the turmoil ceased; the end was victory for the authors; and, when Marie Leconte wound up with a *chant d'amour*, and the little domestic trouble dissolved in a kiss, there were rounds and rounds of clapping. The enchanting voice of Marie Leconte had saved the situation. So the début led to a happy ending, and when de Max comes with "Hamlet" there will be no need for further anxiety, for Shakespeare speaks the language which all nations understand.

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT

No. XIV. The Co-Optimists.



DANCING IN "THE WILD MAN OF BORNEO":
MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN.



"DOWN LOVE'S LANE": MISS ELSA MACFARLANE
AND MR. STANLEY HOLLOWAY.



THE TRIUMPHANT CO-OPTIMISTS: DAVY BURNABY, MELVILLE GIDEON, BETTY CHESTER, LADDIE CLIFF, PHYLLIS MONKMAN,
GILBERT CHILDS, ELSA MACFARLANE, H. B. HEDLEY, AND STANLEY HOLLOWAY (L. TO R.).

All theatregoers are delighted that the Co-Optimists have returned to town after their tour in the provinces, and they had a great reception when they gave the first performance of their fifth programme, at the Prince of Wales'. The numbers they offer are as good as anything which they have given in the past—which is saying a good deal; and Miss Betty Chester's return to the company is a welcome feature. One of the best

items in the first half of the joyous "Pierrotic" entertainment is the song entitled "The Wild Man of Borneo," by Mr. Melville Gideon, with the rest of the company in woolly garb, and Mr. Burnaby playing a strange instrument in his rôle of local chief. We illustrate Miss Phyllis Monkman dancing in her Borneo "frock," and also show the Co-Optimist Company—looking a trifle tired after their successful efforts to entertain.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

PLAYS OF THE MOMENT, No. XV.:



PRINCESS POPPELA IN HER ISLAND HOME :
MISS DOROTHY SHALE.



MARY BAYNHAM AS COMMANDER FAIRCHILDE'S MECHANIC : MISS NANCIE LOVAT
AND MR. GEORGE BISHOP.



'OPPY CROWNS THE REAL KING OF ETARIA : MR. W. H. BERRY AND MR. GEORGE BISHOP (CENTRE).

Mr. W. H. Berry as Chief Petty Officer Hopkins—known as 'Oppy—is one of the chief attractions of "The Island King," at the Adelphi. He is seen as sailor and monarch, and is equally diverting in each character. The plot of "The Island King" is a complicated one, and deals with the sovereignty of Etaria, the South Sea Island, which is lost as a bet in a boating contest on the Thames between the Prince Karan and the English hero, Commander Fairchilde. The scene subsequently shifts from England to the Island, and the change allows Miss Dorothy Shale to make her appearance in fascinating barbaric costumes. 'Oppy, who acts as temporary Monarch of Etaria, plays "opposite"

"THE ISLAND KING," AT THE ADELPHI.



'OPPY WITH THE DISGUISED MARY: MR. W. H. BERRY
AND MISS NANCIE LOVAT.'



PRINCESS POPPELA IN ENGLAND: MISS DOROTHY SHALE'S
ROWING KIT.



WITH HIS "OLD KING COLE" CHORUS OF ISLAND MAIDENS: MR. W. H. BERRY AS 'OPPY.

to Miss Shale, and calls her his "Copper-Nosed Connie," while she dubs him her "Dear Little Admiral." Miss Nancie Lovat, as Mary Baynham, makes a charming appearance in her flying kit when, after quarrelling with her fiancé, Jack Fairchilde (Mr. George Bishop), she dresses up as a mechanic and accompanies him on his flight to the Island. Altogether "The Island King" is a good show. Portraits of the rival beauties, English and Etarian, will be found on other pages in this issue. Our colour portrait of Miss Nancie Lovat shows her in her rowing costume, the simple elegance of which contrasts with the magnificence of her rival's.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

The New Vice. Well, it is not really a new vice, but I cannot remember that it was ever before regarded as a vice. It used to be called Social Ambition in this country, and Climbing in America. Thackeray made great play with it, but even he never held up as a warning the physical dangers of Social Ambition.

This new vice is not so dangerous as cocaine, perhaps, but more insidious. When you take cocaine, you know that you are doing something so foolish that the State has prohibited the practice, and makes it as difficult as possible for you to secure supplies of the terrible drug. When, on the other hand, you give a party, you may believe that you are doing something rather praiseworthy. Those of your friends who have been invited may congratulate you; those who have not been invited will revile you openly and envy you in secret. And that, if you are a woman, is what you want.

As for the State, it has taken no official notice, up to the present, of this new vice. People continue to give parties, and receptions, and dances, quite brazenly. They even advertise the fact, when it is a really swagger party, by having an awning erected across the pavement, and matting spread for the feet of the honoured guests, and policemen engaged to hold back the gaping crowd.

Where the Danger Lies. The State, however, is notoriously blind. It needs a tragedy to open the eyes of the State to the evil flourishing in its midst. If a coroner's jury returned a verdict to the effect that "Deceased died of heart-strain brought on by giving parties above her means, and aggravated by taking stimulants to keep her up to the required level of brilliance," the State would have to look seriously into the matter. But no coroner's jury has ever returned such a verdict, so the State keeps its great sleepy eyes firmly shut to all this entertaining—which is not, I am told, so very entertaining, after all.

If there were reasonable give-and-take in the matter, that might relieve the awful tension. But there is not. Nobody pretends there is. One-tenth of the world entertains, and nine-tenths are entertained—still using the word in its accepted and not its literal sense. Once get known as a victim of the party-giving habit, and you have to go on giving more and more expensive and elaborate parties until the finish, which comes with extraordinary velocity, and may be the grave or Carey Street. Far better, far wiser, far more commendable in every way to preserve the aloof, sane, dignified attitude of a Perpetual Guest.

"Soliloquy." To Mr. Stephen McKenna must be accorded the distinction of being the first novelist to call attention to the prevalent and shocking vice of Giving Parties. "Soliloquy" is hardly a

novel, although the author labels it as such. It is just what the title implies—a soliloquy; the last tragic soliloquy of a poor lady who has given her life for parties. And even on the very threshold of the grave she congratulates herself that she did, at any rate, "entertain" everybody in London worth entertaining—with the exception of Royalty. (It is one of the postulates of the game, of course, in novels, plays, and the "Ladies' Columns" in newspapers, that people who don't want to go to parties, and simply refuse point-blank to be "entertained," are not worth entertaining. That well-known phrase, "Everybody who is anybody" means, being interpreted, "Everybody who goes everywhere.")

"For twenty years I ruled," she writes to her sister, "and at the end I abdicated voluntarily." (A slight redundancy here, rather startling in a lady who conquered the social world by her brilliant learning and intellectuality. Abdication, as we all know,

other page of Mark Hawthorne's 'Diaries,' when you look in vain for Connie Maitland or Lady Poynter. In every part of the intellectual, dynamic life of my generation I had a share: the books to read, the people to meet, the policies to follow . . . it was always 'We'd better not do anything till we've heard what Marion Shelley has to say about it.' . . . The one thing worth having. . ."

The Chelsea Sheep-Fold.

Poor bemused lady! Somebody should have shown her that, if she really loved sheep as dearly as all that, and wanted to lead them, and herd them, and feed them, and hear them bleat, she could have done it far more healthily and far less expensively on a turfy common or a breezy down than in a tiny little house in Chelsea.

Oh, yes; it was all done in Chelsea. In fact, one of the attractions about the man she married but did not love, having thrown over the man she did love, was the possession of a house in Chelsea that would be just the place for giving parties.

"The house was very well adapted to that sort of thing, and the alterations I'd made before our marriage were carried out with the sole object of giving me one big room in which I could hold my—well, *salon* really is the best word—another room for a buffet supper, and numberless little corners into which people could drift when they'd found just that one person they wanted to talk to—or when I'd found him for them; you mustn't leave things to chance very much, it's the detail work that matters in a party. . . . I broke up my long drawing-room into little caves, each communicating with the next, and I kept a commanding position for myself from which I could direct the conversation. . . . No one dared to be inattentive. . . ."

The Penalty. In passing, the marvel to me is that any mere man should know so much about "Parties and How to Give Them." The author is quite clearly not one of the social flock; he dates his book from "At Sea, off Puerto Rico," which proves him one of those bluff, open-air sailormen who have never worn a dress-suit or held a teacup in their lives. Yet here we have the whole machinery of party-giving exposed to the vulgar gaze. Yes, and more than that—the results of indulgence in the vice!

"Yes, you're shocked, as I expected. Well, I learnt that from Martin twenty years ago, in the first month of my married life. He did not drink it regularly; but if he ever wanted to make a special effort . . . Instead of an ordinary brandy-and-soda. You never knew I took anything? My dear, is it likely that you should? No one's ever seen me; and no one will ever guess the agonies I've been through in other people's houses, starving for it, feeling that my brain was paralysed; I had to give up staying with my friends. At home I used to put out the wine for dinner—always drinking water myself—and slip a bottle of brandy into a locked cupboard of

[Continued overleaf.]



THE MARRIAGE OF CAPTAIN THE HON. DONALD HOWARD AND MISS DIANA LODER: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S.

Miss Diana Loder is the third (twin) daughter of Mr. Gerald and Lady Louise Loder, and a granddaughter of the tenth Duke of St. Albans. Her marriage to Captain the Hon. Donald Howard, eldest son of Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal, took place last week. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by Miss Victoria Loder (twin sister), Lady Mary Thynne, the Hon. Doris Peel, the Hon. Edith Smith, Miss Anstruther-Grey, and Miss Eve Cecil; and her train-bearers were Master Robert and Miss Ruth Kitson and Miss Nancy Malcolmson.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

implies a voluntary action. But no matter. It is a long book, and she is very ill.) "Can you name a single statesman or artist of this generation who has not been my friend? A soldier? A scientist? When I say 'friend,' I don't mean that they've dined with me once, when they could escape no longer, as with Lady Maitland; the politicians came to me for advice, the authors sent me their books in manuscript" (Why wasn't I told about this before?) "and dedicated them to me—not, you may observe, to 'dear Margaret Poynter.' You'll find me in Agatha Wilmot's 'London Memories,' and on every

A Family Study.



WITH DAVID AND JOHN: THE HON. MRS. FELIX HANBURY-TRACY.

The Hon. Mrs. Felix Hanbury-Tracy is the widow of the Hon. Felix Charles Hubert Hanbury-Tracy, third son of the fourth Baron Sudeley, Lieutenant in the Scots Guards, who was killed in action in 1914. She is the daughter of Brigadier-General George Llewellyn

Palmer, C.B., of Lackham, Lacock, Wilts, and was married in 1908. Mrs. Hanbury-Tracy has two sons—Michael David Charles Hanbury-Tracy, born in 1909; and Ninian John Frederick Hanbury-Tracy, who is a year younger.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

(Continued.)

my bed-room; when it was finished, I put it with the empties and pretended I'd been decanting it. You knew I wasn't made of iron; I should have thought you might have divined that I couldn't stand that strain without something. Brandy was the only thing I drank regularly—a good measure of it while I was dressing for luncheon, and again before dinner . . . I've burnt my liver till it must be like a piece of shrivelled leather."

"There you are, my dear lady with Social Ambitions. Now you know the price you must pay if you want to have a long drawing-room, full of tiny alcoves, and all the alcoves filled with the most important people in London, who, at a sign from you, will talk about just what you wish them to talk about. You must give up all such nonsense as love and children, and you must burn your liver till it's like a piece of shrivelled leather. And then at fifty-two you will write a long book telling somebody how you did it; and on the last page you will die in terrible agony and nobody will care a tinker's cuss."

"Miss Mapp." Have you ever been to Rye? It is one of the most fascinating little towns in England—so old, so narrow, so cobbled, so grass-grown. You make up your mind, as you wander about those wayward little streets, that you will acquire a perfect little house, somehow or other, and spend the rest of your days in the atmosphere of six hundred years ago.

Henry James actually did this. Mr. E. F. Benson is apparently doing it. At any rate, his new novel, "Miss Mapp," is sent out to the world from "Lamb House," Rye, which sounds very Rye-like. And the story is laid

in a little town of hilly, cobbled, grass-grown streets, named Tilling. You have to keep on reminding yourself that the name of the town is Tilling. Not Rye, but Tilling. This is important.

I wish this book had not been so bitter. To the casual visitor, Rye—dash it, Tilling!—is not as the rest of the world. Well as you know human nature, you would say to yourself, "Here is a place quite free from scandal, hatred, malice, and any sort of uncharitableness. The people who live in these sweet little old houses, and worship in that lovely old church, and play golf on natural turf among the sand-dunes, would never dream of spoiling their lives with gossip, and jealousy, and Social Ambition."

The Terror of Tilling.

Mr. E. F. Benson, having well observed Tilling and its ways from the windows of Lamb House, Rye, utterly destroys this fond illusion. Not only is lovely little Tilling as bad as the place where you yourself reside, reader, but worse! Oh, much worse.

I have myself known Village Terrors—always feminine, oddly enough. I have known old women whose spiteful sayings were passed from mouth to mouth, and younger women who bellowed their insults so loudly that there was no need to pass them on at all.

But never have I met anyone quite so despicable, so mean, so little as Miss Mapp.

"Her face was of high vivid colour," says the author, "and was corrugated by chronic rage and curiosity; but these vivifying emotions had preserved to her an astonishing activity of mind and body, which fully accounted for the comparative adolescence with which she would have been credited anywhere except in the charming little town which she had inhabited so long. Anger and the gravest suspicions about everybody had kept her young and on the boil."

Well, let us grant him Miss Mapp, but what a pity that all Miss Mapp's boon acquaintances should have been equally mean and ugly. There is a boozy retired sailor who has for crony a boozy retired soldier; there is a snob of a parson with a caricature of a wife; there is a lady artist who spits in the gutter and the fireplace; there are a rich Mrs. Poppit and her daughter, who would nowadays be called "profiteers"; and so on. Hardly a decent person among the lot!

Skilful, but Depressing.

It is all, of course, clever. It all shows minute observation of the ways and manners of the Tilling gentlefolk. Mr. Benson seems to know exactly what the ladies say to each other when they go shopping, and exactly what they bring home in their baskets, and the prices they have paid for the various articles.

He is also an expert on the dyeing of feminine materials. Much fun is made of Miss Mapp because she uses a curtain for a dress, which is copied by a friend, and then has 'it dyed purple, the friend doing the same.

And more fun is roused when Miss Mapp, trying to curtsy to the Prince of Wales, sits down in the mud. I can't help thinking some of that is a little overdone. But I do thank Mr. Benson for the following—

"All semblance of manners was invariably thrown to the winds by the ladies of Tilling when once bridge began; primeval hatred took their place. The winners of any hand were exasperatingly condescending to the losers, and the losers correspondingly bitter and tremulous."

This is as true as death, and far truer than the picture of Tilling in general. I would like to have that difference between the sexes explained to me. Winning or losing, a gentleman is quite urbane, lamb-like, and unruffled. But women round a card-table—! Why?

"That Woman." Here we have one of those terrible stories of the stage that lady novelists love to write, and feminine subscribers to a library never tire of reading. The heroine is beautiful, brilliant, but hardly used by fate. She has loved and lost. She is pursued by horrible men with oceans and



THE MARRIAGE OF BARONESS DE CROMBRUGGHE DE LOORINGHE AND CAPT. G. E. BELVILLE: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE CEREMONY.

Captain G. E. Belville was married to Baroness de Crombrugghe de Looringhe, at the Prince's Row Register Office last week. The marriage was a war romance, as the Baroness nursed Captain G. E. Belville when he was wounded in the Great War.

Photograph by C.N.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE RIGHT REV. J. C. FITZMAURICE DAY, BISHOP OF OSSORY, AND MISS CICELY LANGRISHE: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. CANICE'S CATHEDRAL, KILKENNY.

The Right Rev. Maurice Day, D.D., Bishop of Clogher, officiated, assisted by the Dean of Ossory, at the marriage of his son, the Right Rev. J. C. Fitzmaurice Day, Bishop of Ossory, to Miss Cicely Langrishe, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Langrishe, and of Mrs. Langrishe, of Archersfield, Kilkenny. Miss Betty Shore, daughter of the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Shore, acted as train-bearer, and the bridesmaids were Miss Langrishe and Miss Day, who are shown in our photograph.—[Photograph by Poole, Waterford.]

oceans of money. She resists, and resists, and half starves, and still resists—and then yields.

She is very cynical, and very bitter, and very outspoken. The main point is that she never has a chance. So she goes to—an old gentleman with a great deal of money who does exactly as she tells him.

"Janet sat peacefully in her deck chair, breathing the mists of the night. About her shoulders was a moleskin cape and over her knees a huge bear-rug. Occasionally, Isaac Heldmar's hand touched hers, and she gave it an answering pressure."

"Are you happy, Janet?"

"Yes, Isaac, I am happy. Will you please go upstairs and send five hundred dollars by wireless to Marie, and tell her there'll be more from the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo." A terrible ending.

Soliloquy. By Stephen McKenna. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)
Miss Mapp. By E. F. Benson. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)
That Woman. By Jane Burr. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)



THE MARRIAGE OF LIEUT.-COLONEL BARRINGTON C. WELLS, D.S.O., AND MISS JOSEPHINE PERCY: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

Lieutenant-Colonel Barrington C. Wells, D.S.O., is the former Captain of the Rosslyn Park Rugby football team. His marriage to Miss Josephine Percy took place last week.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.

The Passing of the Short Skirt: A Protest.



"Man Wants But Little Here Below,
Nor Wants That Little Long."

DRAWN BY LENDON.

A Fancy Fair, and Golf at Chislehurst and Worplesdon.



THE FAIR IN AID OF THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS OF THE POOR: MRS. BATE, MRS. CORNS, MISS M. HALTON, MISS MARJORIE GORDON, MISS McLEAN, AND MISS EVA CLIVE.



THE LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY GOLF ASSOCIATION BEATEN BY CHISLEHURST: MRS. OLAF HAMBRO AND MRS. K. MORRICE.



WITH MRS. LIONEL JACKSON, WHO DEFEATED HER AT CHISLEHURST: MRS. GAVIN, THE CANADIAN CHAMPION.



FINALISTS IN THE MIXED FOURSOMES AT WORPLESDON: MR. E. NOEL LAYTON AND MRS. PATEY, WHO WERE DEFEATED BY THE WETHEREDS.

The Hyde Park Hotel was the scene of a successful Fancy Fair in aid of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor.—The Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association were beaten by the Chislehurst team by six games to one, the defeat of Mrs. Gavin by Mrs. Lionel Jackson being the surprise of the match. The teams were: L.P.G.A.—Mrs. Gavin, Mrs. Olaf Hambro, Mrs. Norman Craig, Mrs. Walter Stewart, Mrs. R.

Fleming, Miss M. E. Stringer, and Miss Dudley Ryder; and the Chislehurst team: Mrs. Lionel Jackson, Mrs. Kenneth Morrice, Miss L. Dransfield, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss I. Doxford, Miss Bosworth, and Mrs. Crowdy.—Mrs. Patey and Mr. E. Noel Layton were defeated in the final of the Mixed Foursome Competition at Worplesdon by Mr. Roger and Miss Joyce Wethered, by 2 and 1.

AT "PAM" (London) Ltd., 110, NEW BOND STREET.



Photo. Bacon, New Bond Street.

"CORA," A GOWN THAT CHARMS THE EYE.

Miss Maude, having returned from India, is once again at 110, New Bond Street, designing as usual her attractive tailor-mades, tea gowns, etc., for which "Pam" has always been famous.

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Exit October. There is a great bustle of final preparation as October wanes, and we realise that the opening week of the new season is really upon us. New houses to settle into, new horses to bestride (or possibly and painfully otherwise!), new clothes to try on—hats and coats, breeches and boots, habits and saddles. Lots of organisation called for, in fact. Still some hunting quarters available; so many people were tempted to try for a let in view of the golden opportunity that seemed to promise that a slump is almost suggested by the number of houses on offer now. Most of these were put on the market rather late in the day for business, though. So much talk about overcrowding—a danger that was apparently exaggerated—established a sort of funk, in fact; and though fields will be well up to strength, the impossible squash wildly prophesied is not likely to occur, thank goodness!

The Prince Samples the Stone Walls. The Prince of Wales has been too busy to get in much hunting since his return from Scotland, but he wedged in a couple of mornings in the Tetbury country on two successive Fridays, and had some fun over the walls, which hold the charm of novelty at present, and are, of course, jumpable when the rest of the country is too blind to tackle. Lord Worcester hunted hounds on both these occasions; but Newman carried the horn on Monday last, when the Prince was out at Alderton. There was a largish field, and a lot of country was covered in a twisting hunt on a catchy scent out on the Badminton and Luckington side. The Prince took on timber, walls, and fences with zestful impartiality, and most people seemed stimulated to have a fling, so there was lots of fun. Some people in this country who consider themselves entitled to front places have a habit of barging through gates and gaps out of turn. It is to be hoped they will take a lesson in courtesy from the Prince, who makes no such attempt, though everyone would gladly let him through, whilst seeing no reason to lose their place for others, who ought to take their turn. And how many remember to call out "Thank you" to the labourer who holds a gate for them?

A Gentle Hint. Yet the Prince never forgets to do so, though he's in just as great a hurry as anyone else, and rather more so than most. His sportsmanlike spirit and courtesy have already made their impression, and it is to be hoped that the imitation which is sincerest flattery will follow.

Mistakes and Moonshine. The papers have published the strangest statements about this country and its ways since the limelight was turned on so brightly. One flight of fancy was that Lady Diana Somerset saved the pack from extinction by looking after it herself entirely when the war broke out! Lady Diana was sixteen at that time, and the sole charge of sixty couples of hounds would have been a

fairly tough proposition to tackle single-handed. The statement that the Prince of Wales is to be Joint-Master with Lord Worcester is also pure imagination. Of course, the Duke of Beaufort is still Master of the pack which bears his name, though his heir carries the horn. Lord Worcester is always



OWNER OF RE-ECHO, WINNER OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE: SIR ERNEST PAGET.

Sir Ernest Paget's Re-echo—a Derby disappointment—won the Cambridgeshire at 25 to 1; with A. Whalley up.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

called "Master" by his own family and his intimate friends, and has been since childhood; possibly this nickname may have helped to establish slight confusion on the part of those who overheard him thus addressed. The only period in the history of this Hunt when the Mastership was ever shared was in the winter of '96-'97, when the late Randolph Wemyss was Joint-Master. (He had married Lady Eva Wellesley, sister of the late Lord Cowley.) Randolph Wemyss hunted hounds himself with more dash than science. Lots of fun they had, as he kept

his field well on the move, making a galloping cast for the nearest covert when he was in doubt; and as the country was amply furnished then as now, the result was at all events perpetual motion. One day the Joint-Master came tearing up to a road where the Duke, having pulled his horse up, was waiting and watching. "Hullo, Worcester, which way has he gone?" called out the cheerful new exponent of the art. "Both your hares have crossed this road!" was the answer, grim and terribly distinct, and some tittering there was! Other misstatements concern the Hunt uniform, which has been said to be worn by "all subscribers." This is not the case, as the coveted blue coat or habit is the personal gift to the recipient of the Duke and Duchess.

The "General Post" Brings Changes.

There is nothing definitely settled yet with regard to several places that are to let, of which Chavenage, a most beautiful old Elizabethan house near Tetbury, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Lowsley-Williams, is the most capacious. Estcourt has been taken for the season by Constance Duchess of Westminster and Captain Lewis, whom she married, *en secondes nocces*, in 1920. The hunting in the New Forest is not too good, so the Duchess generally migrates from Lyndhurst for the season, and hunted with

the Blackmore Vale a good bit last winter. This means we shall probably see something more of Lady Ursula Grosvenor, who has already sampled and approved of Beaufortshire hunting. Estcourt is now owned by Captain Tom Sotherton-Estcourt, who was in the Greys, and had the unfortunate experience of being a prisoner of war in Germany. He inherited the place from his uncle, the late Lord Estcourt, who was made a life Peer by King Edward, for political services to his party.

Lord and Lady Portarlington have taken up their abode for the season with Baron Frankie de Tuyl at Sodbury Manor, this pleasant arrangement relieving the dullness of a lone bachelor most agreeably. His Lordship has already appeared in the field, complete with the pink horse and some new ones.

Colonel and Lady Kathleen Lindsay and Miss Doreen have established themselves at Nailsworth Grange, upon our northern border. Colonel Walter is, of course, a brother of Mr. David Lindsay, of Willesley House, who administers the estate of his cousin, Sir George Holford. Lady Kathleen is a daughter of the late Earl of Carrick, and did splendid work during the war as Lady Superintendent, under the Ministry of Munitions, of the Inspection Department at Woolwich, being decorated with an O.B.E. in consequence.

Captain and Mrs. Mackirdy, of Abbey House, Malmesbury, intend to resume the chase, after a lengthy miss in baulk. Mrs. Mackirdy is a daughter of the Hon. Evelyn Pierrepont, once a shining light of the Atherstone, but now of the V.W.H., and resident at The Querns, at Cirencester. Captain Mackirdy served in the Blues during the war, and owns Birkwood, a place up in Lanarkshire, as well as Abbey House here.

Growing Fields.

Cubbing has been going with a great swing lately, the easterly wind bringing a scent, and hounds ran hard in the open in the Sodbury Vale one day last week, and again in the Hullavington country on Saturday. Those out lately have included the Duchess of Beaufort, Lady St. Germans (whose deep mourning strikes a sad note), Lady Diana Somerset, Colonel the Hon. Algy Stanley, Lady Kathleen Crichton, M. and Mme. Lambert, Lady Cowley, Captain Keith Menzies (just back from his honeymoon), Miss R. Benson, Mr. and Miss Harford, Lord Portarlington, Colonel and Mrs. Brassey, Colonel and Mrs. Sidney Hankey, Sir Audley Neeld, Sir Walter Preston, Major and Mrs. Duncan Campbell, Major Poynter, Captain and Mrs. Kingscote, Captain Shedden, Captain Ferdie Cavendish-Bentinck, Mr. Herbert Lord, and Mr. Leonard Taylor.



IN THE SALE Paddock AT NEWMARKET: MAJOR E. LODER (LEFT) AND SIR GEORGE BULLOUGH.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

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Lord Strathspey is the fourth Baron, fifteenth Baronet, and the thirty-first Chief of the Clan Grant, and succeeded his brother, the late Earl of Seafield and Strathspey, in 1915, the Earldom of Seafield devolving on the late Earl's only daughter. Lord Strathspey married the daughter of

the late Mr. T. Masterman Hardy Johnston, M.I.C.E., and has one son—the Hon. Donald Patrick Trevor Ogilvie-Grant, born in 1912; and one daughter—the Hon. Lena Barbara Joan Ogilvie-Grant, who is five years older.—[Photographs by Lafayette.]

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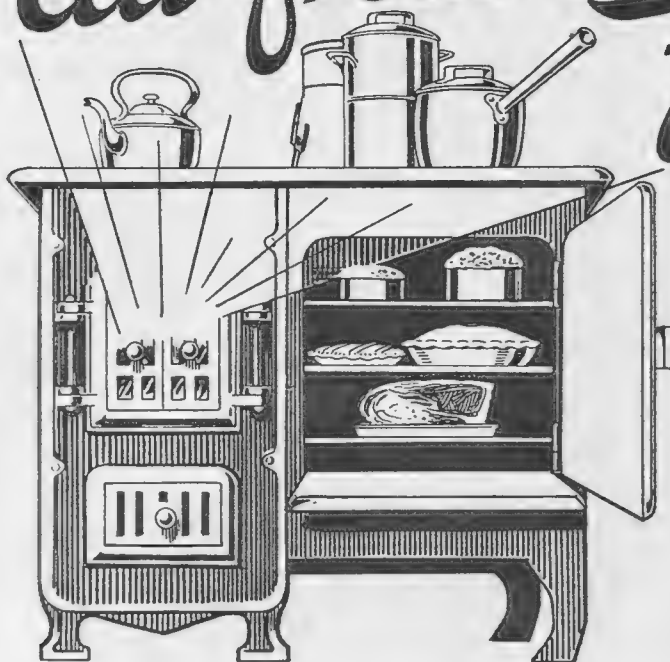
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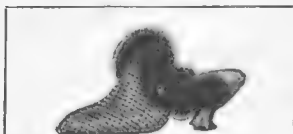
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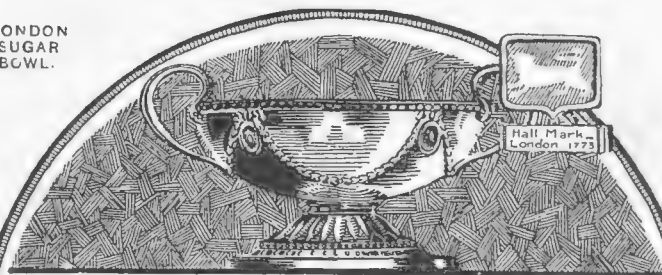
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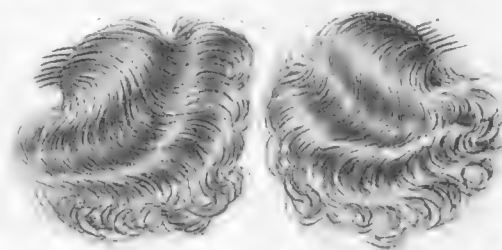
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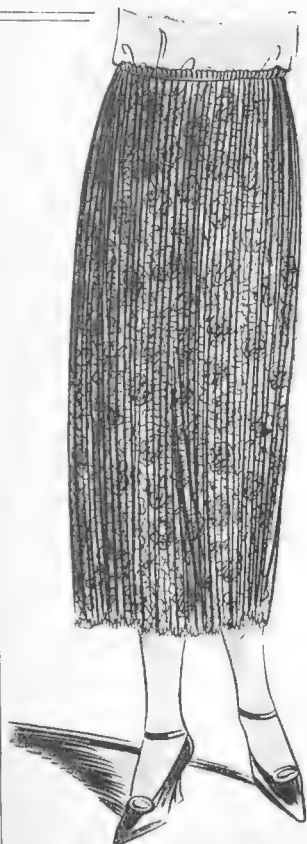
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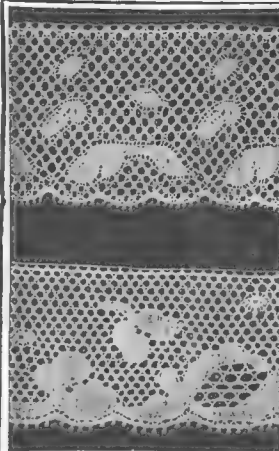
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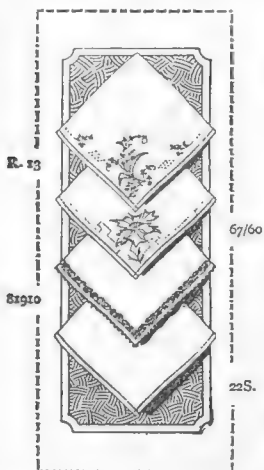
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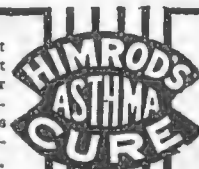
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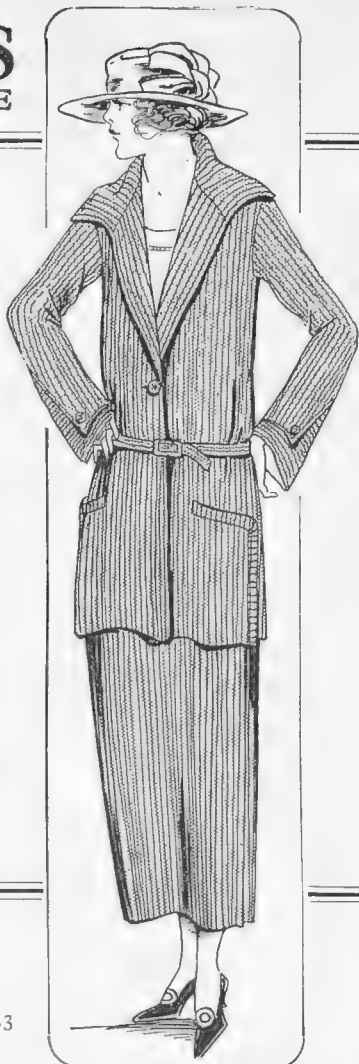
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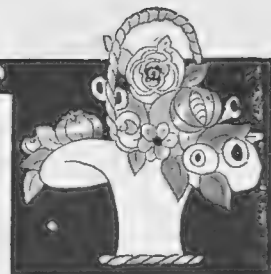
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WOMAN'S WAYS.

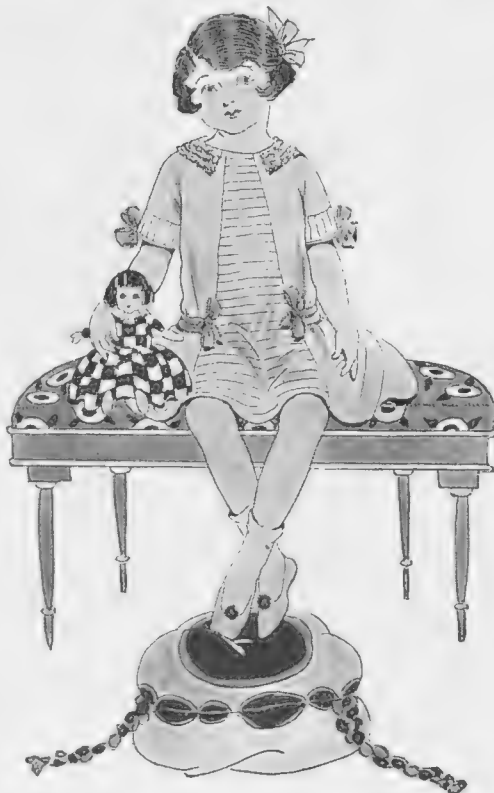
By MABEL HOWARD.

The Question of Cuffs.

Cuffs, more than any other feature of dress, are subject to wide variation of form this season. Large fur cuffs, which do not entirely surround the wrist, appear on costumes and coat-frocks, and are succeeded by cuffs in which the fur, not content with completing the circle, ends in a strip running half-way up to the elbow. In many effective Paris models, a narrow band of fur is situated just above an ordinary buttoned cuff; and one interesting whim of fashion consists of a tight-fitting cuff surrounded by a wide band of fur which hangs in a loop below. Another novel form is the double cuff, fashioned either of two strands of fur or trimming, posed one above the other, or of two layers of different materials. Both types were charmingly expressed by Redfern's, of 27, Old Bond Street. A lovely straight-cut *négligé* gown of lilac-shot silver tissue was ornamented with soft marabout plumes, of a slightly deeper shade, which appeared in two bands on the sleeve; while in an effective coat-frock of thin serge and silk both materials were represented by a distinct outer and inner cuff of the different fabrics.

The New Side-Wing.

Buttoned wings are coming into prominence as a fashionable modification of the usual free wing or panel. Instead of falling loosely from the waist, they are now caught back or forward and fastened at the top with buttons. In one delightful navy-blue serge frock, decorated with scarlet, the skirt finished in a wing on either side. These wings were drawn back and held with two large buttons in which scarlet and



She is evidently waiting for partners, and her sky-blue crêpe-de-Chine frock from Rowe's, 106, New Bond Street, is so attractive that she will certainly not have long to wait.

blue held equal rights. Only towards the hem of the skirt could the scarlet lining

of the wings be seen at all. The square collar of the frock was particularly attractive, for the front was cut into narrow strips which hung in the form of a fringe over the shoulders, and a hint of the bright underside appeared through the slits.

An Old Friend in a New Rôle.

Panne, which has hitherto been regarded as a medium for hats only, has just appeared in a new rôle. In a particularly soft, fine form, it is now the newest and most fashionable material for evening gowns. A wonderful Redfern dress of lilac panne was covered with delicate sprays of mingled crystal, moonlight, and pearl

beading. On the left hip was placed a velvet flower in a slightly deeper tone of the same shade, edged with an ostrich-feather fringe.

The Latest Idea in Braiding. A new and decidedly attractive form of braiding appeared on a black serge coat-frock seen in their artistic salons. Down the sides of the dress ran long, vertical tucks, which were bound with black silk braid, so that they stood out in ridges. The effect was charming, and occurred again in the long cuffs.

Clothes for Little People.

Nowadays, quite as much attention is devoted to the subject of children's dress as to the question of what their elders shall wear. The problem with children's clothes is always the difficulty of designing artistic garments which will not make their small wearer seem overdressed. Nothing spoils the charm of childhood more effectively than ill-chosen clothes that are too old or too ornate to suit a little person of tender years. Rowe's, 106, New Bond Street, are justly noted for their success in producing children's clothes which are pre-eminently young-looking while possessing a distinctive charm of their own. They are responsible both for the two little coats and for the party frock sketched on this page. Pale-blue crêpe-de-Chine is the material chosen for the latter, and the collar is of real Valenciennes lace. Minute tucking is used to ornament the short sleeves and the fan-shaped panel which runs the entire length of the dress.

Two Charming Coats.

Narrow insertions of olive-green cloth, decorated with little three-cornered gilt trees of the Noah's Ark variety, appear on the belt and cuffs of the golden-yellow ribbed velours coat sketched on the left. The skirt is full-cut and slightly gathered over the hips, and the trimming is of soft moleskin. Real musquash and mustard-coloured French velours harmonise well in the model on the right, suitable for a child of eight to ten years. The material, though light, is unusually thick, and added warmth is ensured by the fact that the coat is lined throughout with white satin. A particularly attractive children's sports suit, for which Rowe's are responsible, consists of sweater, breeches, cap, scarf, gloves and stockings carried out in brushed scarlet wool, ornamented with borders of black-and-white. They have also a wide selection of clothes suitable for boys, from kindergarten age upwards; and their excellent catalogue, which may be had on application, contains, among other useful items, pages devoted to suggestions for children's fancy dress.

A Story-Book Catalogue.

Children of the sailor-suit age, both girls and boys, will delight in "The Royal Navy of England and the Story of the Sailor Suit," an excellent publication obtainable free of charge from Rowe's. It combines a naval history and story book with a catalogue, tracing the evolution of the sailor suit from the earliest days, and explaining the origin of the various badges and accessories. A particularly attractive feature are the sketches of sailors of long ago, in the correct uniform of the period. [Continued overleaf.]



Olive Heweridge

Two charming winter coats for children. Moleskin collar and cuffs ornament the ribbed velours model on the left. The smaller girl is wearing a mustard-coloured French velours coat trimmed with real musquash. Sketched at Rowe's.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

For the Home-Lover.

Not only in the world of dress does the coming of autumn mean innovations and fresh activities. Now that the short, cold evenings are drawing in, more time is, naturally, spent indoors, and winter is emphatically the season when the art of home decoration should receive full attention. Hampton's, the well-known firm of furnishers and decorators from Pall Mall East, have issued a most artistic autumn catalogue which every home-lover will appreciate. Comfortable arm-chairs and settees, as well as beautiful carpets and curtains, are illustrated in colour, at prices calculated to suit all pockets. An idea of the remarkably advantageous prices offered may be gathered from the fact that one inviting carved-oak easy chair, with an adjustable back, a rack for papers on one side and a little table-ledge on the other, is actually priced at 75s. The connoisseur of furniture will find much interesting matter in the pages set apart for antiques. A delightful old oak dresser, with capacious shelves and drawers, may be had for £24 10s.; and a charming walnut knee-hole writing-table, dating from the Queen Anne period, is priced at £37 10s.

A Frock for a Slender Woman.

Every tall, slim woman is well aware of the fact that she can carry off to perfection a dress designed on classical lines. For the slender woman, then, Fenwick's, of 62, New Bond Street, have created the exquisite model sketched here. Hazel-green crêpe marocain is



Hazel-green crêpe marocain is heavily embroidered with silver to make this beautiful evening gown from Fenwick's, 62, New Bond Street.

posed on a foundation of silver tissue shot with grey to make the long bodice of another delightful frock. Mole-grey chiffon velvet with a velvet cable belt forms the skirt, into which is let a panel of silver tissue and beading. A salmon-pink ostrich feather posed on the left hip adds a touch of brighter colour to the sober tint of the frock.

A Little-Known Fur.

To many people the fact that there is such a fur as white skunk will come as a surprise. It is not often seen, certainly, though it is extremely effective when used as a trimming, either in conjunction with brown skunk or with any other dark fur. Coney-dyed

kolinsky is the skin employed by the Grafton Fur Company, 164, New Bond Street, for the wide stole and muff illustrated on this page. Four rows of skunk fringe ornament the ends of the stole, which are finished with deep slit pockets, and the same trimming is also the chief feature of the barrel-shaped muff.

A Variety of Coats.

A lovely coat for approaching winter is the nutria model on the left. It is exceedingly full-cut, and is lined with coffee-coloured striped silk, smocked over the hips. Skunk, of the brown variety, is employed for a magnificent full-length wrap, composed of vertical strands joined together and gathered

into an upstanding roll collar. On each side, two strands, unattached from the shoulder level, fall loosely in front to form a waistcoat effect, and from the foot of the skirt hangs a looped fringe of narrow brown velvet ribbon. One fascinating moleskin model has a wide square collar of flying-fox and a skirt ending in a broad flounce slit diagonally into seven short panels. Another attractive beaver coney coat possesses a collar attached only on the left shoulder, and thrown round the neck in the form of a stole.

The Crowning Glory.

The natural beauty of the Englishwoman's hair is renowned all over the world. Lovely hair, however, like all other gifts, must be carefully tended if it is to retain its health and beauty indefinitely, and the



The Grafton Fur Company have ornamented this coney-dyed-kolinsky muff and stole with fringes of white skunk.

question of hair-treatment is one which requires special study. It is impossible for every woman to be an expert on hair, and Miss Dorothy Stuart, 151, Regent Street, is the person to consult on this matter, as she is recognised as an authority on it. The basis of her successful treatments is scientific brushing and hand massage, which invigorates the tiny glands and muscles of the scalp, and enables them to fulfil the various duties on which the health of the hair depends. Bad shampoos and lotions are responsible for the ruin of many a lovely head of hair, and Miss Stuart has used her skill in devising preparations which are really excellent, both for cleansing the hair and stimulating the growth. She is always pleased to give advice and consultations free of charge; and for country dwellers and others who find it inconvenient to visit her in London, she has designed a home-application outfit which will be found invaluable.



A lovely full-cut nutria coat from the Grafton Fur Company, 164, New Bond Street.



Post Haste from Paris!
 New Alluring Creations in
TÉCLA PEARLS
 For the New Modes

IN Paris this Autumn, whether one wears a gown by Callot or a creation by Poiret, the inevitable ornament is Pearls. Yet, save for the historic discovery of Téclas, there is nothing new about Pearls except the beauty that is never old: The Parisienne has always had a *penchant* for this famous gem; but this Autumn she has discovered that not in many years have the modes furnished such an admirable background for the pristine beauty of Técla Pearls. Yet we have not permitted increasing demand to impair their quality or to change the slow and secret processes of their production. That is why we are perhaps a little late in presenting the new tints and spherical variations, as well as new conceits in clasps. It was Perfection that delayed them! *But they are here now!*

*You are cordially invited to examine
 this new Autumn delivery from Paris*

Técla
 7 Old Bond Street, London.

10 Rue de la Paix, Paris

398 Fifth Avenue, New York

UNCLE AUSTIN.

(Continued from page 184.)

the chair to which she had been lashed. The policeman, being married, took care to remove the gag last. But Ann didn't wait to hear what the cook had to say. She was rushing wildly round screaming "Burglars!"

"Sure thing!" groaned Clement James. "My silver—"

"Brute!" panted Ann. "When there are the children—and Uncle Austin." Then, leaving her husband to feel properly ashamed of himself, she fled upstairs.

Those burglars had been the worst sort of villains. Regardless of the fact that the children's nurse was as pretty and buxom a lass as any to be found in New York City, they had tied her up as tight as the cook—who was fairly tough, and bottle-nosed.

But Ann didn't give two looks at the nurse before she was over by the cots waking up Washington and Rosemary to make sure they were alive. To judge by the way those kids howled, there wasn't much wrong with them; but they wouldn't be soothed till their mother had vowed to buy them boxes of candies as big as their heads. The business instinct was strong in those kids, and they sobbed drearily till the size and nature of those boxes was fixed. Then they went to sleep, in spite of the fact that the nurse, whom they adored whenever she did what they wanted, was in high strikes.

Ann was practical. She poured cold water over Ellen Agnes, and then went in search of Uncle Austin. She felt she had neglected her duty in not looking for him first. Those burglars must have been drawn to the house

by the very fact of his presence. She searched high, she searched low, but, alas! not a sign of her poor old uncle could she find. The awful presentiment was growing upon her. Uncle Austin had been kidnapped. The sweat broke over her brow. Kidnapped, or—

There was still a chance. Snatching at the receiver, she rang up Mary Crewe Danler. No answer.

What did it mean?

"The police are here," began Clement James.

"A taxi," panted Ann. "I must go round and see that woman—"

"The house," interposed Clement James grimly, "has been completely robbed of every valuable, including your jewellery and my gold cigar-box. Uncle Austin has gone!"

And it was then that an idea began to dawn in Ann's brain . . .

If there hasn't been a sequel up to date there is an explanation. The police discovered the identity of Uncle Austin, when thus brought to their notice, as a notorious burglar of the intellectual type. The sort of man who possessed the finished and artistic touch in his profession. It ought to have helped Ann to know this—but it didn't.

So far, Uncle Austin himself, together with her possessions, have not been heard of.

And bills to a startling amount in dollars keep pouring in from the stores—addressed to Mr. Austin Ligwaller.

If those stores expect ever to see payment of those accounts they have a hope.

Ann has none. But she is a cleverer woman by one big experience than she was;

and through the murk darkness of the business gleams one star—Mary Crewe Danler was robbed to a fairly useful extent, too

And serve her right!

THE END

Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Ltd., desire to make it known that they are not selling, and never have sold, any of their famous aero engines, known as the "Hawk" engines, for the purpose of motor-cars, and that any purchase or use of those engines would not be consequent on their advice or recommendation, but would be solely on the responsibility of the parties so using them.

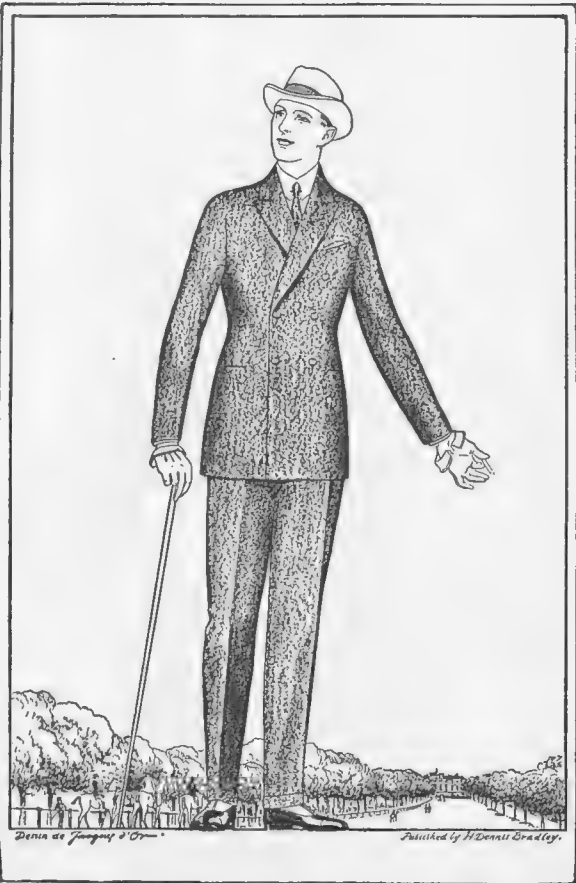
The *Chicago Sunday Tribune's* new venture will appeal to those interested in the development of the art of colour-printing, as it has a section in colour-photogravure. The process has been worked out in the offices of the *Chicago Tribune*.

So much interest has been aroused by our publication of the beautiful cat studies of M. Ferdinand Henri Oger that it may be a convenience to *Sketch* readers to know that the publishers of the study of a Persian entitled "His Majesty," which was reproduced in our issue of Aug. 16, 1922, are MM. Lecaplain and Co., 47-49, Rue Cambon, Paris, and that copies of this plate may be obtained from them.

The *Sphere* for November 4 will contain a special illustrated Motor Show Supplement. Illustrations of all the new cars are given in this splendid record of the great Show of 1922. Mr. F. Matania contributes a charming drawing of Queen Marie of Roumania on horseback reviewing the Roumanian troops at the recent Coronation festivities at Bucharest.

DOPE & BRADLEY

Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.



UNALLOYED GEORGIANISM

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

CLEON having been clubbed at the Carlton, he and his filibustering followers, on awakening to consciousness, will gather their tattered garments around them and scamper to their kennels lest any fresh exposure offends our sense of decency.

Having proved unfaithful to each and every vow, they now seek to change their names as well as their attire. Though the shackles of office may be spouted of as wearisome, the shekels of office are peculiarly fruitful and seldom surrendered without some desperate defence. But the metaphoric sword they prate of in their hands will prove Damoclean.

The inevitable sentence—and that the nation's—has been passed upon this vulgar usage of political hypocrisy. So now we may turn in amusement to observe political mendacity in some new disguises. There will be a hurried scramble for an "acceptable formula" in which the various Parties will cloak their prettily designed but disturbingly diaphanous untruths.

What miraculous millennium will the Labour Party offer? This new combination of aspirateless, corny-footed sons of the soil, with anæmic, theoretical, unpractical, uneconomical, imbecilically idealistic, hare-brained and hare-lipped, fanatical sons of the quill, will certainly seize the opportunity to paint some new and grotesquely impossible futuristic picture.

Fools! Madmen! Hypocrites! Liars! Place-seekers! Title-hunters! Political adventurers! Financial fornicators! England is sick of all these, and requires a new political cleanliness. The nation is terribly poor—paying for the extravagance of war and the shameful prodigality of the deceased Coalition's "peace." We must all work and rid ourselves of the chaos of false illusions. We must cleanse politics, and grapple furiously with the problem of debt, corruption and isolation which is the legacy of vulgar dictation.

No sane man could vote for the Labour Party, and only a madman could vote for any member of the old gang under the label of a new Party. We are nauseated with Limehouse, we should now experiment with a cultured lineage. The man to vote for is the ostensibly honest candidate belonging to any other Party, who can be depended upon to do nothing but to keep quiet and sleep peaceably in the House of Commons. Directly we can achieve the economy of peaceful political stagnation, commercial prosperity will be automatic.

There exist no extravagant ideals in the House of Pope and Bradley. It is a coldly material but brilliantly efficient organisation. The patrons have little resemblance to the modern Greek god, but they do represent the thoroughly well-dressed Englishman. And the Englishman leads the world, at any rate in fashion. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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The “THREE CASTLES” Virginia Cigarettes

To King Henry the Seventh belongs the honour of being one of the first to encourage the exploration of unknown lands, for in 1497 he gave a Commission to Cabot and his sons: this enterprise of the Crown associated Bristol with the discovery of the Mainland of America. The House of Wills was early to recognise that it mattered little how well cigarettes were made unless also they reached the far-away corners of the world in perfect condition – the use of the patent air-tight tin constitutes the crowning act in the manufacture and distribution of their Products. ∴ By this means the “Three Castles” Cigarettes come to you unimpaired by the action of any Climate however deleterious. ∴

*“There’s no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the
W.M. Thackeray “THREE CASTLES” “The Virginians”*

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T.C.40

THE LIGHTS OF PARIS.

Students' Ball. Old songs of *salles de garde* were the other night revived by the "*carabins*" of 1922. The medical students gave their annual *bal* on the very morrow of the Concours de l'Internat. The Bal de l'Internat is as famous as the Bal des Quat'-z-Arts. Its character is different. It keeps its personality. But its artistic *fantaisie* is just as noteworthy. The theme of this year was the *chansons* sung by the students. They have kept the witty vein of the satirical poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their authors are sometimes great poets who have not feared to give their muse an unaccustomed turn of mind.

A Lively Night. The orchestra played the song, and the refrain was sung in chorus by all the company while the *chars* marched past, each hospital having its particular song and its particular colour. In pale-grey and blue was the Chanson de Bicêtre. In black and yellow was Cochin, parodying the great events of history. Ochre and black was Hospital Tenon, evoking fierce combats in a song composed by Théophile Gautier (the great poet who died fifty years ago, and who is at this moment being celebrated at the Théâtre Français). The famous Père Dupanloup, with his balloon, his guide-rope and his dromedary, was recalled by the Salpêtrière. There were many other *chars*, and the *défilé* met with success. The ball lasted until daylight after a very lively night.

The Mosque. In two years' time a mosque will raise its minaret twenty-six yards high against

the Paris sky. On the spot where the old hospital of La Pitié, built by Louis XIII. once stood, the white mosque, with roofs and pent-roofs of green tile, will rise amidst



THE MARRIAGE OF THE EGERTON CASTLES' DAUGHTER: COUNT ANTOINE DE MEEÛS WITH HIS BRIDE, MISS MARIE-LOUISE EGERTON CASTLE, AND ATTENDANTS. Miss Marie-Louise Egerton Castle, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, the well-known novelists, was married at the Brompton Oratory to Count Antoine de Meeûs. The bride was attended by Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, Miss Lois Kerr-Clark, Master Michael Crichton-Stuart, and Master Anthony de Hoghton.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

verdure. Conceived in the Mauresque style with Arabian gardens and dependencies, it will form a veritable city in the city. Alleys of vividly coloured mosaics will lead to the different buildings—reception pavilion, Arabian restaurant, hammam, etc. General Lyautey has laid the foundation stone. Under a hangar, which rich Oriental carpets transformed into a reception-room, all the Islamic peoples were represented. In two years the Mussulmans of Paris will find the religious quietude, and a little of the life they have left in their sunny country. In two years the muezzin, with singing voice, will, from the top of his minaret, cast over Paris his rallying cry to his brothers of Islam.

No Smooth Hair. The Fête Marcel is already having some effect on feminine coiffure. The *coiffeurs* could not really encourage the fashion of smooth hair! They are launching the flat undulations and the curly Greek *chignon*. *Bandeaux*, combs, aigrettes destined to adorn the hair of our *belles* are of infinite variety. It is the triumph of the head-band—heavy guipure of gold or silver; bands of multicoloured feathers with a bird's head in front; embroidered and beaded and be-diamonded bands; negro diadems, or simple head-bands with, on each side, a long peacock feather covering the ear and falling to the waist. Jet is used without limits. There are nets of jet entirely covering the hair. They are completed by huge cockades from which fall long tassels—so long as to resemble a bell-pull! Paradise plumes are again in favour. They will be perched on high chignons—and there is already some

[Continued overleaf.]

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This serviceable Coat is an example of the Autumn Styles to be seen at Jay's. It is produced in fine brown velour cloth, with a smart shoulder cape trimmed with astrachan cloth (as sketch), and lined throughout with rich, brown satin. Price 28 gns.

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BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING REBUILDING

Continued.]

agitation among men folk who are going on strike for the suppression of this inconvenient opera headgear!

More Trimmings. This extravagance in head-dress is undoubtedly designed to please M. Dior, the Minister of Commerce. M. Dior has addressed

a prayer to all the fashion-makers asking them to use more trimmings. M. Dior looks on present-day simplicity with a sorry eye. Many dresses owe their value only to the material and the line. M. Dior wishes them to be adorned with ribbons and feathers, laces and embroideries. He complains that the lack of ornaments is ruining France, which used to export in quantity these *accessoires du vêtement*. The *couturiers* object that ornamented dresses will cost twice as much, since these *accessoires* are very expensive. But M. Dior knows that women would ruin their husbands rather than ruin France!

Jewels and Dresses.

They all are more or less like Mlle. Fernande Cabanel. They may not like ornaments, but they may feel obliged to wear them. Mlle. Cabanel abhors jewels; but she possesses as many sets as dresses. And as she possesses many dresses. . . . But this contradiction in her tastes is only apparent. For if Mlle. Cabanel does not like jewels, she passionately likes gowns. And, according to her, the success of a robe cannot be complete without the addition of jewels—but jewels in keeping with the colour of the materials. If Mlle. Cabanel wears a grey dress, she is obliged—much to her displeasure—to buy earrings of moonstones; for a blue dress she acquires sapphires; and if she is garbed in white she adorns her finger with a huge diamond set in a carved amethyst. But Mlle. Cabanel does not like jewels, and she aspires to the hours of sleep when she can shut her jewels inside their *écrins*.

Dance Distances. A friend of the dance and of mathematics has measured the number of miles covered by a

danseuse in an evening. He has established that her partner makes her cover two miles every twenty minutes in a fox-trot; and only



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Mr. Phillipowsky will give his first piano recital at the Wigmore Hall on Nov. 7, at which he will devote the greater part of his programme to Brahms. His second one will take place on Dec. 14, and the others on Jan. 23 and Feb. 20.

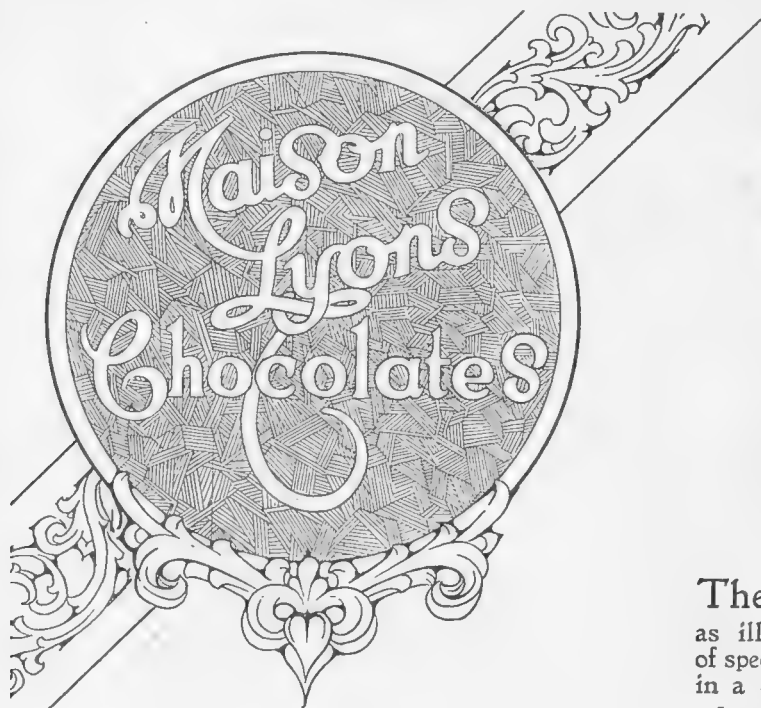
half-a-mile every twenty minutes in a tango. That means an average of one mile every twenty minutes. So that a devotee of the dance who begins at 10 p.m., to finish at 5 a.m., covers twenty-five miles. What woman would not be scared if she were asked to walk that much every day! And yet there must be thousands of *élégantes* who dance all night through.

JEANNETTE.



THE MARRIAGE OF MAJOR R. W. HORNBY AND MISS BERYL KATHLEEN TRACEY: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

The marriage of Major R. W. Hornby, Indian Army, elder son of the late Colonel Hornby, R.A., and Miss Beryl Kathleen Tracey, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tracey, took place last week at the Chapel Royal, Savoy.—[Photograph by Illustrations.]

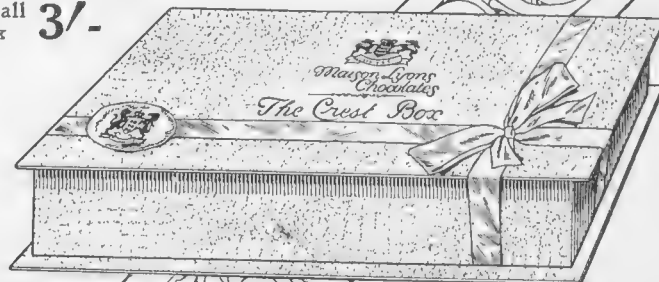


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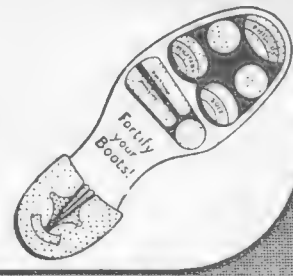
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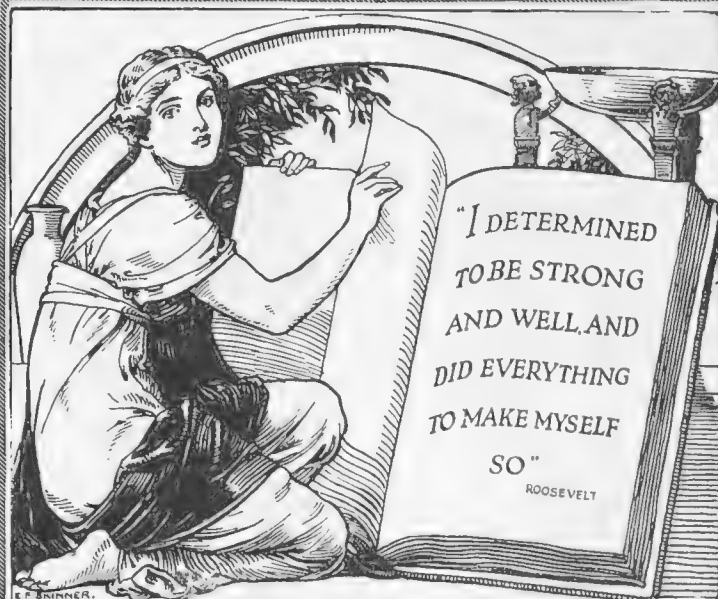
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Hidden within every generously proportioned figure, is the IDEAL figure; "W.B. Super-Reduso Corsets" (designed exclusively for full figures) mould and re-distribute superfluous tissue, so that this IDEAL figure is brought out and made visible.

The elderly full-figured woman is given a stately grace and perfect poise which befits her years; the young full-figured woman is given the smart straight lines of the normal average figure. "W.B. Super-Reduso Corsets" are made in six different shapes. Fitted by experts at

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CORSETS**



THE "ALEXANDRA."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest shape helmet with elongated crown which is most becoming and absolutely sunproof. Beautifully finished in White Drill with close-folded Puggaree and underlined green or blue to protect the eyes. Fitted with Patent Air Chamber and Corrugated lining if desired, and also Chin-Strap. Price 48/6
Tussore 58/6. Also Helmets for Afternoon or Dress Wear, covered in straw plait with pleated effect and pleated under to brim. In various colours. Unobtainable elsewhere. From 58/6.



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The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees, and Double Terasis in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.
N.B.—Robert Heath Ltd. have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.

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By appointment to
HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN OF SWEDEN.



By appointment to
HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN.



By appointment to
HER MAJESTY THE
QUEEN OF SPAIN.

LITTLE GIRLS' FROCKS of Exclusive Design

Our Children's Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and we have a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all our productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and made on the premises by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK (as sketch) in good quality velveteen, with collar and cuffs of ivory georgette, trimmed fine guipure lace, and bodice finished each side with velveteen buttons. In sapphire, flame, light rose and light green.

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Heavy quality pure Silk Hose; English-make feet and tops, strengthened Lisle, specially durable in wear, in coating, putty, champagne, silver, pearl, grey, gold, beaver, brown, tan, nigger, pink, and a large range of shades for evening wear.

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Pure Cashmere CARDIGAN (as sketch) made in a beautiful soft quality yarn, in a wide rib, very light and warm, a useful coat for sports wear. In a large range of soft colourings.

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Also in a superior quality spun silk.

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This is a dish always in season. Both children and adults enjoy it and benefit by it. But be sure you get BIRD'S—the Pure Custard.

14d. pkts.; 7d. and 1/2 Silvered Boxes; 1/7! Large Tins.



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A Superfine Quality Face Powder of the Highest Quality, Extra Fine and Adherent, and Luxuriously Perfumed with the Fascinating Fragrance of the Freesia Flower.

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Two Pearls

If you desire a string of pearls for yourself or as a gift, there is the choice of two kinds. There are real pearls from the bed of the sea, lustrous, iridescent, elusive in their charm, beautiful to a degree, but so costly as to be beyond the reach of most of us; and there are

Ciro Pearls

which are not expensive at all, yet possess just the same wonderful qualities as real pearls, so that the keenest judges are unable to distinguish one from the other.

They look and wear equally well, have the same subtle sheen and magic colouring, the same natural form and weight as if they came from the Oriental ocean depths instead of from a scientific laboratory.

If you come to our Showrooms your own eyes will convince you; or, if you cannot, avail yourself of our wonderful postal service and

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a Necklet of *Ciro* Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other *Ciro* Pearl Jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial

pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. *Ciro* Pearl Necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 5 sent post free on application.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.

39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 5

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor over Lloyd's Bank, near Piccadilly.

Ciro Pearls cannot be obtained anywhere in the Provinces.

PLAYS—WITHOUT PREJUDICE

ON SIR JAMES BARRIE AND THE SWEETNESS OF SUGAR.

Good Men at Heart. There is an engaging assumption on the part of our theatrical managers that we are all Good Men at Heart. They get at us almost as frequently as the movie men with the simple device of the Innocent Child. They soften our stern breasts (unless that is an inversion of the physique only attainable by practised contortionists) with the Patter of Little Feet. And they puncture our callous ear-drums with the Babble of Young Voices. And we melt under the treatment. Visibly. Because we are Good Men at Heart.

The Heart and the Box-Office. And it pays. Enormously. Because this method of approach leaves the patient in a pleasant glow. There is something vaguely gratifying about having one's better feelings alluded to in public, and large numbers of otherwise rational people are prepared to pay quite considerable sums of money for this peculiar pleasure. And mostly to Sir James Barrie.

Better Selves. Sir James is the recognised exponent of our Better Selves. Mr. Shaw knows that we are perorating hypocrites, and Sir Arthur Pinero is aware of our little social failings. But Sir James Barrie is always comfortably aware that somewhere deep down inside we are All Right. They made him a Baronet for it. It is a pleasant revelation, and we all enjoy it so much every time that it is made.

The Affections and the Audience.

Sometimes he purveys to an appreciative public some of the more obvious facts as to its affections. His public demonstration of the fondness of fathers for their sons created a great sensation in its day. As did a companion piece on the more unusual theme of the taste of wives for their husbands. Some excitement was even created by a bold *exposé* of the tragic fact that bereavement is a bad business. But his most skilful pieces are variations on the theme of our Better Selves.

Stage and Stalls.

Sometimes he puts them on the stage. But mostly he lets you sit in the stalls (or even in the cheaper parts of the house, where the price is not quite so steep as the views) and feel what a splendid, human, broad-minded creature you are, as the poor mortals on the stage unfold their little weaknesses for your kindly, half-humorous, half-wistful appreciation. And you walk out into the night among the taxis and the flickering advertisements of ready-made motor-cars with a full consciousness of your own nobility.

"Dear Brutus." That is above all the impression which "Dear Brutus" has left on thousands and thousands of us. Indeed, it has left it on Mr. A. A. Milne so profoundly that he appears to have gone and done likewise. The whole story of the fantastic, old-young gentleman and his remarkably fallible house-party is warranted to leave us all pleasantly dilated with the sense of our own qualities. And Sir James—bless him!—knows it better than any of us. He has put it across now for many a year. And long may he continue! To say nothing of the regular revival of "Peter Pan."

The Dream and the Business.

Because it is a harmless form of drama. And it is only when amiable maiden ladies go out into the hard, cold world under the impression that these simple little truths and few are an adequate philosophy of life that there is any trouble. Because the cosy truisms on which Sir James builds up his fancies will hardly do to steer by when you get among real people in a world in which there are no kind old gentlemen with Puckish manners.

Sound Plays.

Yet all his work has the essential quality that it is a Good Play. You may feel that the sentiment is glutinous, and the wistful smile seems sometimes to turn to an eternal grimace. But the construction of the plays is nearly perfect. One is never troubled at a Barrie play by the exasperating minor character who comes on and tells the leading lady the story of her life at the top of his voice in order that we may be *au fait* with the trouble in the family which is to be the subject-matter of the next three Acts.

And Quick Returns.

And we all love it. The swelling chest which comes from the consciousness of our own sterling qualities; the moist eye which comes from a gentle admission of the weaknesses of other people; and the easy mind which is undisturbed by any creaking of the theatrical machinery—all these are ministered to by Sir James Barrie with unerring skill. But they must not ask us to go further and find our philosophy in these pleasant but tepid waters. And Lord Rectors must not be tempted again into that amalgam of playfulness and platitude which one is coming to regard as the Rectorial note.



He would choose them Himself.

You could not offer him a more acceptable gift whatever the cost. Every man knows that La Corona Half-a-Corona Cigars are perfect. Ask for them by their full name—

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Obtainable from high-class tobacconists, 112/6 per 100, packed in boxes of 100, or 29/6 per box of 25.

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Why suffer unwanted hair?

Not Electrolysis Not a Depilatory

The Solray Trade Mark
Consultations invited without any obligation.

BY AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD THE WONDERFUL SOLRAY TREATMENT PAINLESSLY AND PERMANENTLY DESTROYS ANY HAIR GROWTH.

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The DOROTHY STUART TREATMENT IN YOUR OWN HOME

If your hair is out of condition, and you are unable to visit my Salon, I recommend with every confidence my HOME COURSE of treatment. The DOROTHY STUART system is a perfectly natural method, and will quickly free your hair from Dandruff, undue Greasiness, irritation and minor scalp disorders which result in brittle and impoverished hair.

The course embraces an illustrated book of instructions, simply arranged and easily followed, together with a full supply of tonics, lotions, shampoos, &c., especially prescribed to suit each individual case.

Advice will be freely given to any "SKETCH" readers respecting the care of their hair if they will write to me.

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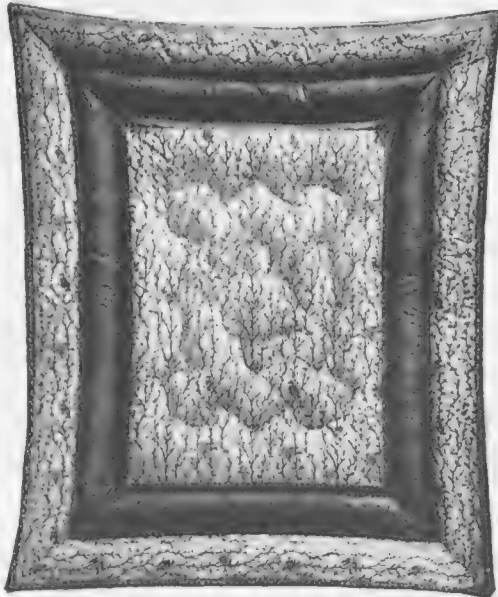
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Hamptons are always pleased to send a selection of Down Quilts for comparison of quality and value.



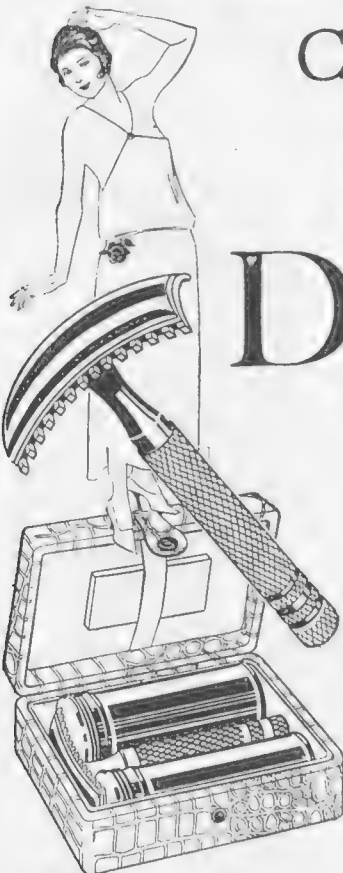
Hamptons' present display of Down Quilts comprises a great variety of new and strikingly beautiful colours and styles, all of which have been produced expressly for the 1922 Autumn Season

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CARMEN BEAUTY RAZOR

SUPER SAFE—CANNOT CUT YOU

DON'T use messy preparations that burn your skin. The only clean and pleasant way is to apply a lather with the Shaving Powder and remove the hair with the Beauty Razor. The whole operation takes but five minutes. No strong chemicals to discolour the basin. No burning. No objectionable odour—just the pleasant smell of the perfumed lather. You cannot cut yourself, because the 'Carmen' is a safety razor.

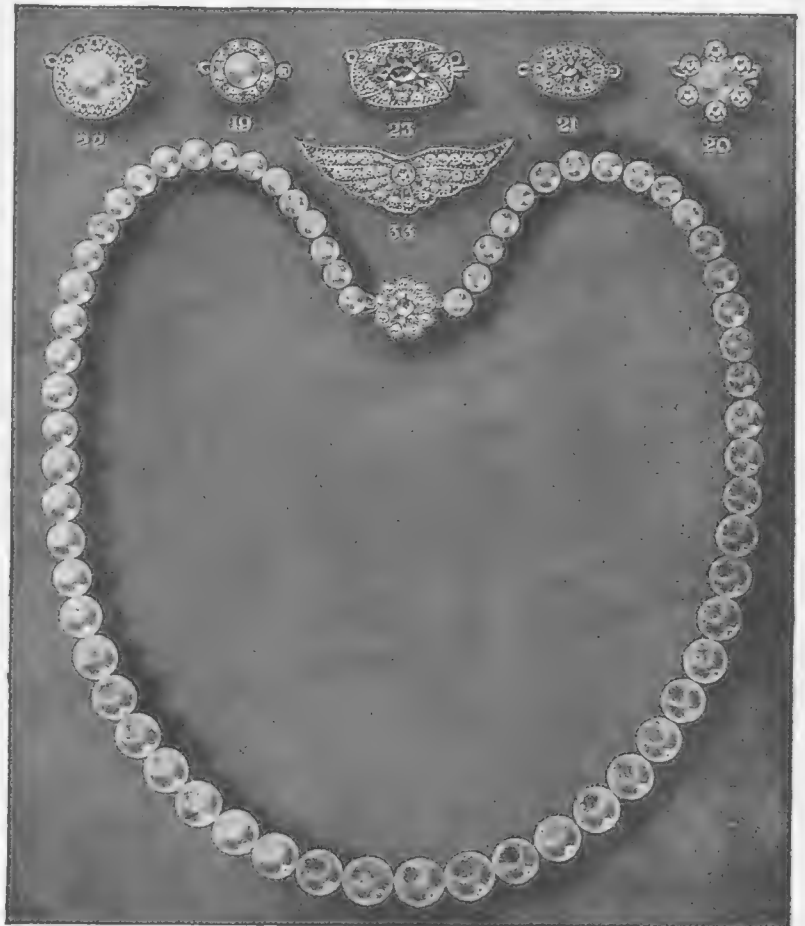
Gold-plated set consisting of Razor, Guaranteed Brush, 'Carmen' Shaving Powder in case, six extra blades, in crocodile finish case, 20/- post free. As above, with silver-plated razor, nickel-plated container and brush, 12/3 post free. Razor alone, in case, 7/9 post free. Extra blades 2/6 for 6. If blades ordered at the same time as razor, 6 for 2/3, making 10/- in all.

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INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM REAL PEARLS



Ranee Pearls Costing 3 Gns expertly valued at £1200!

No more convincing proof of Ranee's resemblance to the Costliest Oriental Pearls could be provided than by this unsolicited testimonial, the original of which is on Harrods file. 'The Book of the Ranee Pearl' sent free

Messrs. Harrods London SW1 July 19, 1922

Dear Sirs,

Some time ago I bought a 'Ranee' Pearl Necklace from you. I had it valued out of curiosity and the valuation was £1,200. I feel I ought to tell you this

RANEE PEARL NECKLETS

paste clasp; ruby, sapphire, emerald, diamond or pearl centre

'A' QUALITY

SUPER QUALITY

Length 16 inches 3 Gns
" 24 inches 5 Gns
" 30 inches 7 Gns

Length 16 inches 4 Gns
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Clasp No. 19 5/6

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Clasp No. 22 21/-

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HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"HOW about your 'Safety and Five per Cent.' now?" asked The City Editor, a touch of triumph in his voice. "Lot of use five per cent. is when you can make profits out of Rubber shares at a much higher rate."

"Doing pretty well yourself?" The Jobber asked him casually.

"City Editors never speculate," deprecated The Engineer. "They only invest—I remember our friend telling us that, a long time ago."

"But he added that, as no journalist ever has any money, it was clear that he couldn't make investments."

"Doing pretty well?" repeated The Jobber.

The Broker kept the peace for his client. "Don't you answer their impertinent questions," he advised. "Tell them about the motor-car you're going to buy."

"I'm torn," declared The City Editor dramatically. "I'd love a Vauxhall—topping cars. For some things, though, I'd rather have a Napier; and other people tell me to buy a Crossley."

"Have one of each, old man; you can't go wrong with any of them. I've made up my own mind before ever I go to the Show."

"Oh, I mean to have a look at the Fiat and the Straker-Squire," replied The City Editor.

"I say," broke in The Merchant, "can't some of us make motor-cars or piano-players out of the Rubber Market? Why should you blighters have it all your own way?"

"There are plenty of things I want," added The Country Cousin. "Gas fires in half-a-dozen rooms this winter, for instance."

"Handy things, aren't they? Well"—and he turned to The Broker—"come on,

now; it's no use your looking as black as Nugget. Tell us something."

"They've all gone up so much. That's what I am thinking about."

"But the rise isn't over?"

"No fear. All I mean is, that the jam's off the gingerbread, so to speak."

"Carry on the good work."

"Hardly know what to tell you. Stick to the good things. Tali Ayer, and Bajoe Kidoel, and Rim Malacca, and Eastern Trust, and Kinta Kellas, and—"

"Woa, half a moment! Anyone got a pencil?"

The Engineer produced an Ever-Pointed, and The Merchant a Koh-i-Noor. "Take your choice."

The Jobber wrote down the names. "That'll do to go on with," he said. "They make a change from Kaffirs, anyhow."

"There's nothing the matter with Kaffirs. The Cape comes in a seller occasionally, and then you get the market looking tired. It's right as rain for the longer run."

"Give the shares a chance up to Christmas and you'll be wanting to send me cigars—all of you."

"Thought you smoked cigarettes?"

"Thanks so much for this generous offer. A thousand Three Castles will certainly be very welcome. You know my address. Or the nearest railway station will do."

"Home Rails ought to go better; I'm disappointed with them," murmured The Engineer. "There's the dividend time coming along, and yet—well, I don't know."

"All this political pandemonium is bad for markets like the Home Railway. People won't be bothered with the stocks."

"Another case of the long lock-up?"

"Don't see why it should necessarily be so long. We often get a bit of activity in Home Rails on either side of the New Year."

"How the time flies! Less than a couple of months to Christmas. Awful to think of, isn't it? And we don't get any younger."

"Every day and in every way I get thinner and richer and wiser," chanted The Jobber.

"Thinner? Pooh! You'll have to get Ralph Cleaver to do your caricature for the next Stock Exchange Art Show. He's the tenderest cartoonist whose work I've seen."

"The Sketch had his picture of the Stock Exchange Chairman a week or two back. Awfully good likeness it was, too."

"This Grand Trunk Pacific four per cent. Debenture bothers me rather," said The Engineer in a perplexed tone. "The stock jumps about in most extraordinary fashion. One doesn't know what on earth to do."

"There are so many ladies interested in it—that's the worst part of the business," The Jobber soberly commented. "A cruel affair altogether."

"We are equally in the dark"—The Broker was ambiguous—"but my firm impression is that it will pay to keep the stock and see the thing through."

"Then you assume that the Canadian Government will play the game and pay the dividend?"

"I do. Though," he immediately hedged, "I may turn out to be hopelessly wrong. At to-day's price, a sale would mean an appalling loss to most of the stockholders. And they went into the thing as an investment, too—not with any idea even of speculation."

"Gambling theory, that of yours, Brokie," remarked The Jobber, getting up. "There's nothing more risky than Safety and Five per Cent."

"Buy five of you."

"Right. Make it ten?"

"Twenty. I'll mark it. Tout-à-loo."

Friday, Oct. 27, 1922.

Something you must read!

An
"Omne Tempus"
Conversation.

YOU—"What exactly does this guarantee mean? Isn't there some catch in it?"

S.B. LTD.—"A leading Counsel has given us his written opinion that it is legally binding on us to return the money paid if any form of moisture penetrates any 'Omne Tempus' Rubberless Raincoat."



Leading Counsel's opinion.

YOU—"Well, I say that rain, if heavy enough, will get through an 'Omne Tempus'—sooner or later."

S.B. LTD.—"Very well! Then you return the coat and get your money back."

YOU—"Um! . . . ye-yes! But how is it no other make bears this guarantee?"

S.B. LTD.—"A guarantee is the result of confidence; the limitations of other raincoats are known to their makers."

YOU—"Um! . . . interesting! I take it your cloth has got some non-porous stuff in it that keeps rain from getting through?"

S.B. LTD.—"Here's a coat, and here's a rubber tube: watch me blowing tobacco smoke through the cloth. There! That proves the absence of rubber, doesn't it?"

YOU—"Yes! But how do I know it is really one of the rainproof-guarantee ones?"

S.B. LTD.—"I'll test it for you by this little apparatus here . . . a little cistern with a dropper. I spread the coat flat on this piece of white linen; I let fifty drops come five feet down on to it on exactly the same spot. . . .

Forty-eight! Forty-nine! Fifty! Now examine the white linen: is there a trace of moisture on it? And also rub the under side of the coat at that spot! . . ."

YOU—"By Jove! quite dry . . . pretty conclusive. . . . Got it in other shades?"

S.B. LTD.—"Yes! this bunch of patterns—there's fawn, brown, olive, various greys, black, blue, and so on; all equally rainproof."

YOU—"Measure me for one in this colour. . . . Now I want my brother in Norfolk to have one. He is 5 ft. 9 in. in his socks, and 39 in. chest."

S.B. LTD.—"Then we'll send him three coats to choose from, any of which, I'll guarantee, will fit him."

YOU—"Want him to give references?"

S.B. LTD.—"Not in this case. Your recommendation is sufficient."

YOU—"Rub the under side of the cloth."

YOU—"Want him to give references?"

S.B. LTD.—"Not in this case. Your recommendation is sufficient."

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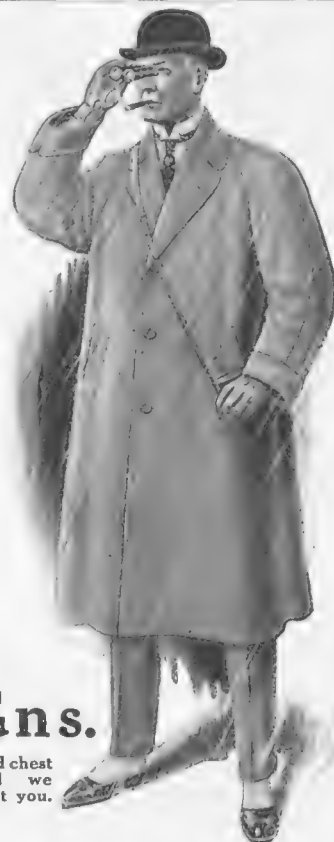
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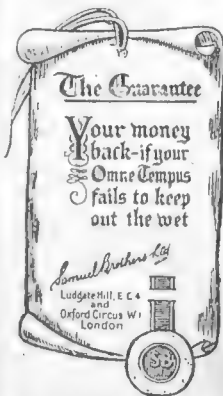
YOU—"Want him to give references?"

S.B. LTD.—"Not in this case. Your recommendation is sufficient."



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Send height and chest measure, and we guarantee to fit you.



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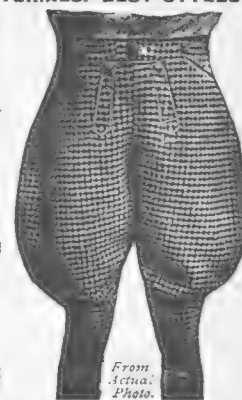
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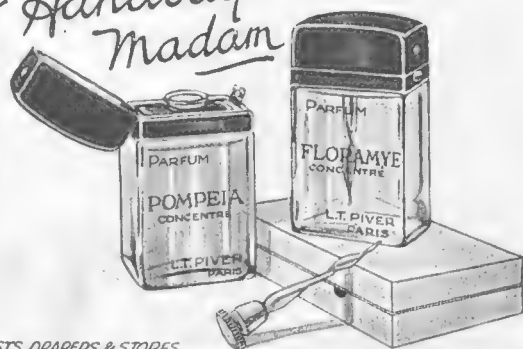
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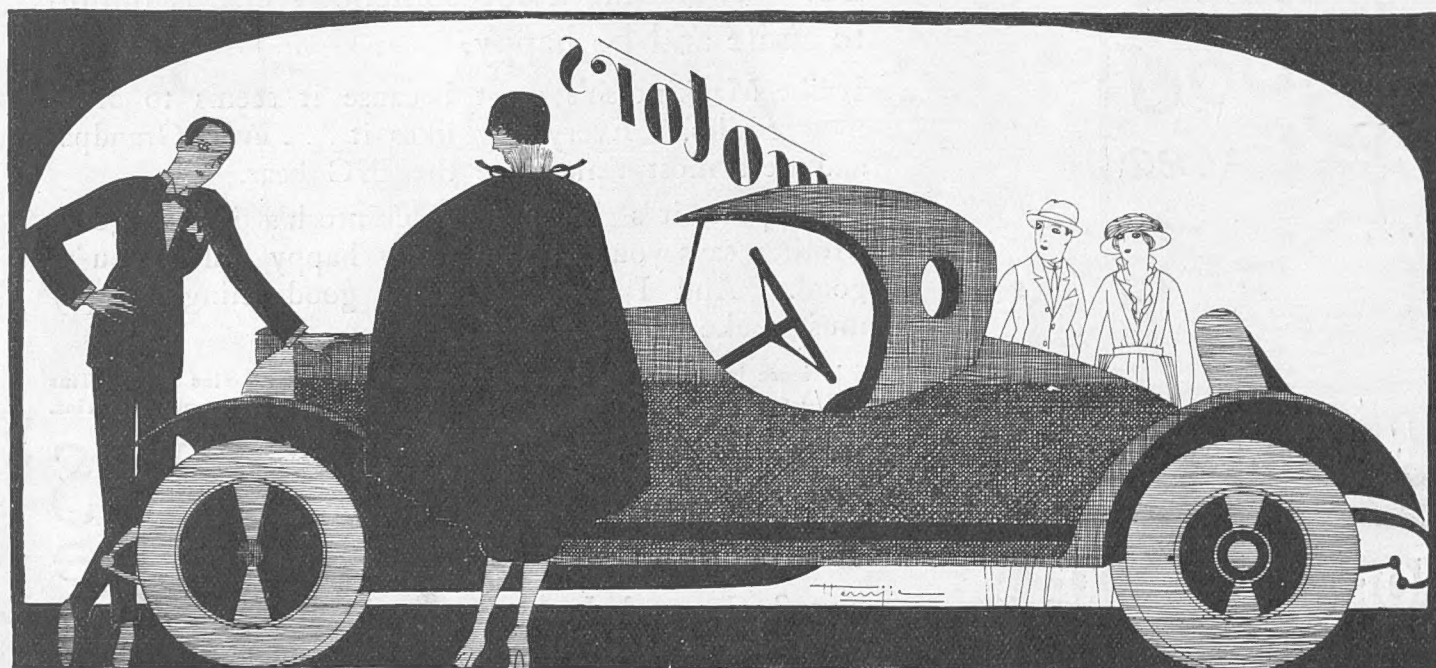
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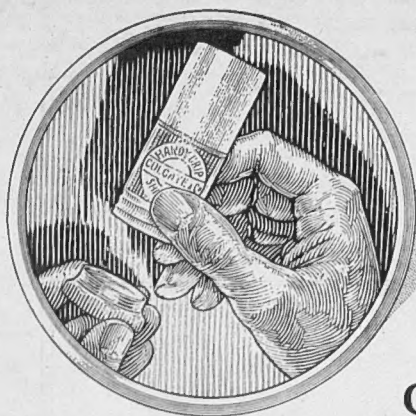
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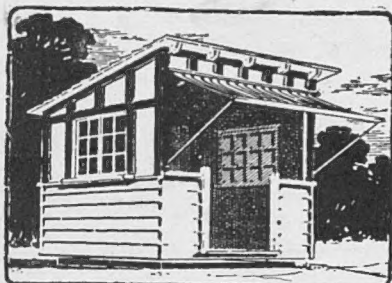
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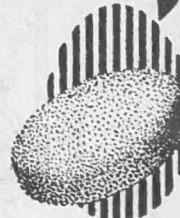
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